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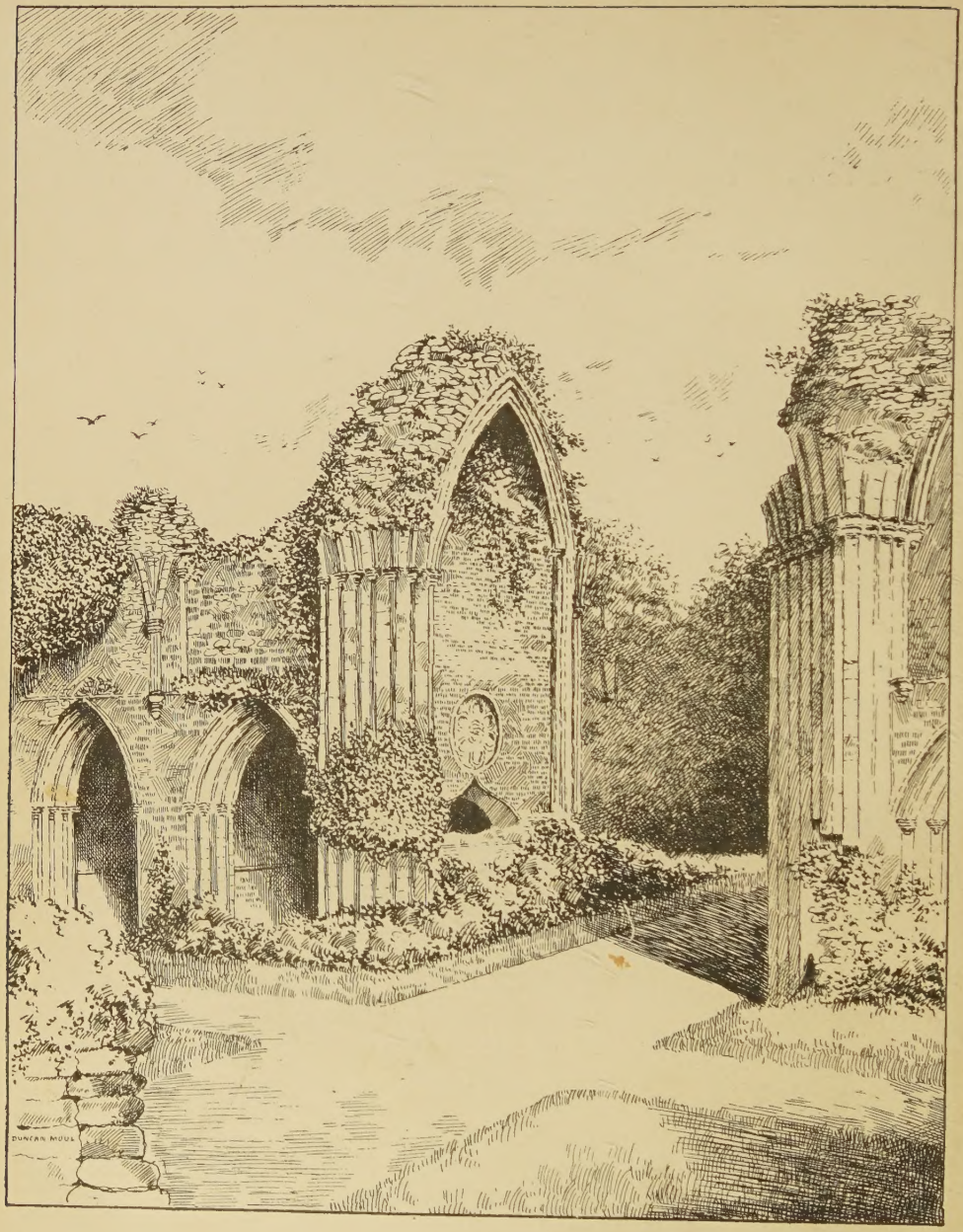

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DUNCAN MOUL

AUTHOR OF "DICKENS' LAND," "HOPLAND," ETC.

WITH DESCRIPTIVE LETTERPRESS BY

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INTRODUCTION.

THERE are few parts of Sussex that are *not* "picturesque." The Sussex man, and the man who knows Sussex as many Londoners do fairly well, will sympathize with the artist who, in somewhat limited space, seeks to illustrate a book with such a title as the present.

More than either of the other counties in the south-east of England, Sussex is a land of hill and wood—indeed, of forest—and upon it the mantle of suburbanity, which, alas! now hangs over many once beautiful districts of Kent and Surrey, has not yet fallen. How long Sussex will remain rural it is not safe to predict; an electric railway through its very heart will ere long whirl the business-man from London to its coast, and as this railway will not, we presume, be destitute of intermediate stations, one cannot but feel that, with the quickened journey from the town, the natural attractions of the county will soon tempt the Londoner to seek it as a residence. Knowledge of a demand is sure to create a supply, so that the "eligible building site" will then be in the market.

The writer of the few descriptive words which ac-

company these pictures also claims sympathy; for to many of the places here illustrated there attach stirring incidents and romantic legends which, did space permit, he fain would tell. As it is, he is for the most part forced to content himself with briefly directing the reader's attention to the scenes represented, and, in some instances, with naming a work in which more information on the subject is contained.

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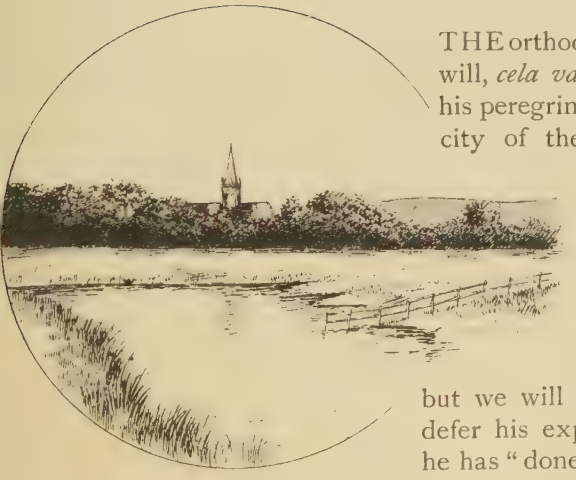
SECTION I.

CHICHESTER.



CHICHESTER, FROM THE CANAL.

THE orthodox explorer of Sussex will, *cela va sans dire*, commence his peregrinations in the cathedral city of the county—Chichester. In that quaint and comfortable-looking town he will soon discover that there are many things, besides the cathedral, to attract his attention, but we will presume that he will defer his exploration of these till he has "done" the cathedral. Now it is perfectly true that, in the main, this magnificent structure is a one-date building; but as that date is the twelfth century, it will be at once apparent that the architectural features are possessed of the deepest interest, and as deserving of close and intelligent study as those of a building which bears the marks of many successive styles in architecture, and reveals the ambitions of many different ecclesiastical builders.

Such being the case, we recommend the visitor to study, before commencing his tour of inspection, "The Architectural History of Chichester Cathedral," by Professor Willis, and to arm himself with that volume of Murray's "Handbook to the

WEST STREET, CHICHESTER.

English Cathedrals" which includes Chichester. Here we can only give the story of the edifice in the barest outline: The South Saxon see of Selsey was removed to Chichester, then already an important town, soon after the Norman Conquest, and during the episcopate of Bishop Stigand, who had been the

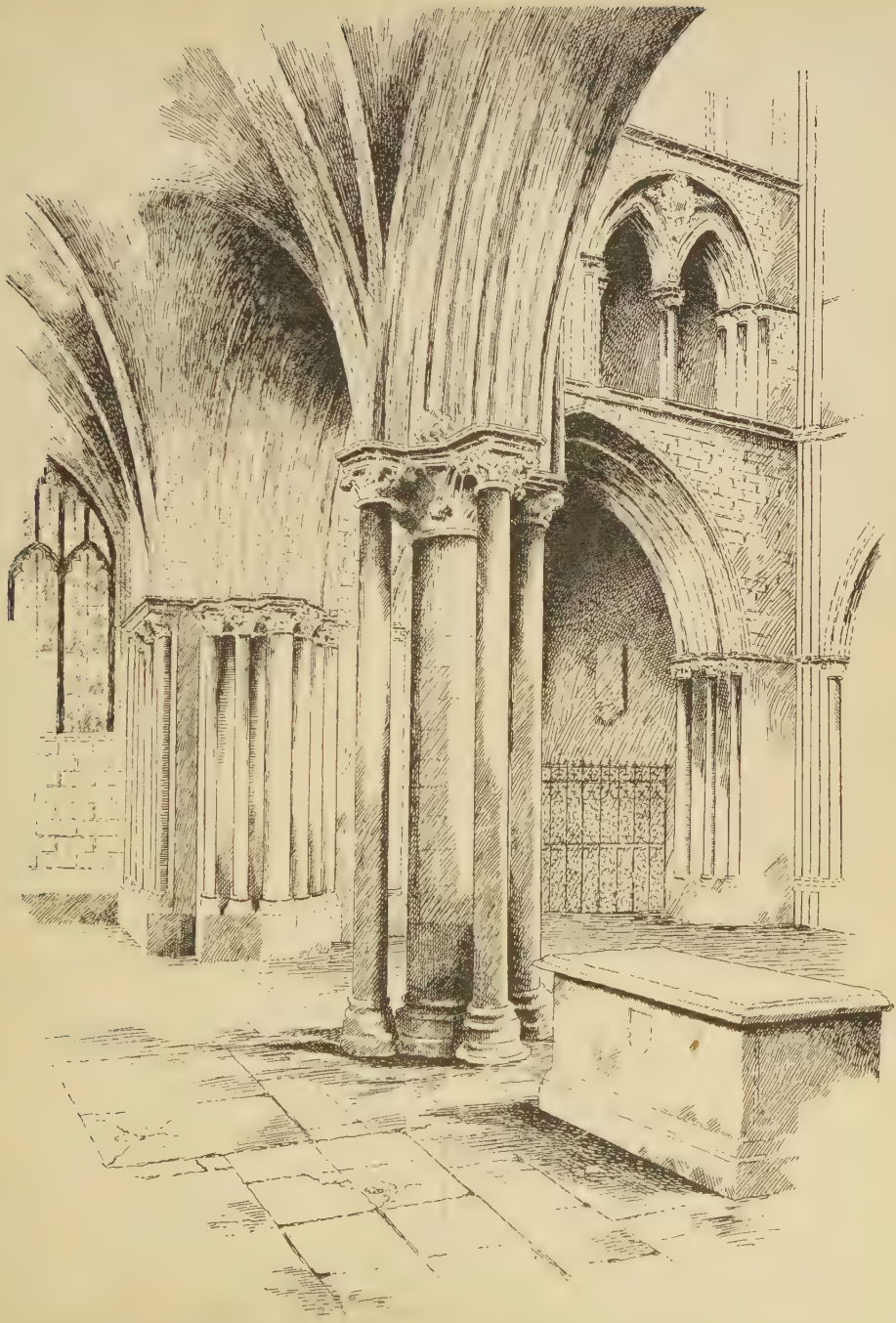
Conqueror's chaplain. The then existing church and monastery of St. Peter were utilized, and it was not till the episcopate of

SCULPTURED STONE, CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

Bishop Ralph Luffa that a new church was commenced. The plain round-headed arch, which now forms an entrance from

the north transept into the library, is said to be a portion of this monastic church, and we have, perhaps, in the rude sculptures, at present in the south choir aisle east of the transepts, two carvings that may have adorned the now submerged cathedral church at Selsey. The stone here represented shows the meeting of Our Lord with Martha and Mary ; the other, the raising of Lazarus. The sculptures were discovered in 1829 behind the choir stalls, and it is worthy of note that fragments of carving in a very similar style have come to light in another church in the county, that of Sompting.

Bishop Ralph's new cathedral was consecrated in 1108, and six years later a fire almost entirely destroyed it. By 1123 it had been rebuilt, and the rebuilt edifice is, to a great extent, the church we see to-day, although, some sixty years after, the flames once more wrought havoc in the building, destroying the wooden roof and clerestory, and damaging the stonework of the main piers. Yet so fervent was the energy and religious devotion of the time in southern England, that before the closing year of the century a new clerestory and roof (this time of stone) had been completed, the stonework of the damaged piers renewed with Caen stone, and their plainness relieved (in accordance with the architectural spirit of the age) by a lavish use of Purbeck marble. An important structural alteration made in this last rebuilding was the substitution of square for apsidal terminations in the transepts and presbytery. Professor Willis refers—in speaking of the alterations in the cathedral consequent on the last fire—to the exquisite pier capitals in the Presbytery here shown. In these the central column is, as the reader will notice, surrounded by four, much smaller in diameter and placed at quite a distance from the centre ; so that their bases and capitals are completely detached from those of the centre. Indeed, to emphasize this detachment, the capital of the centre pillar is, we see, much deeper than those of its satellites.



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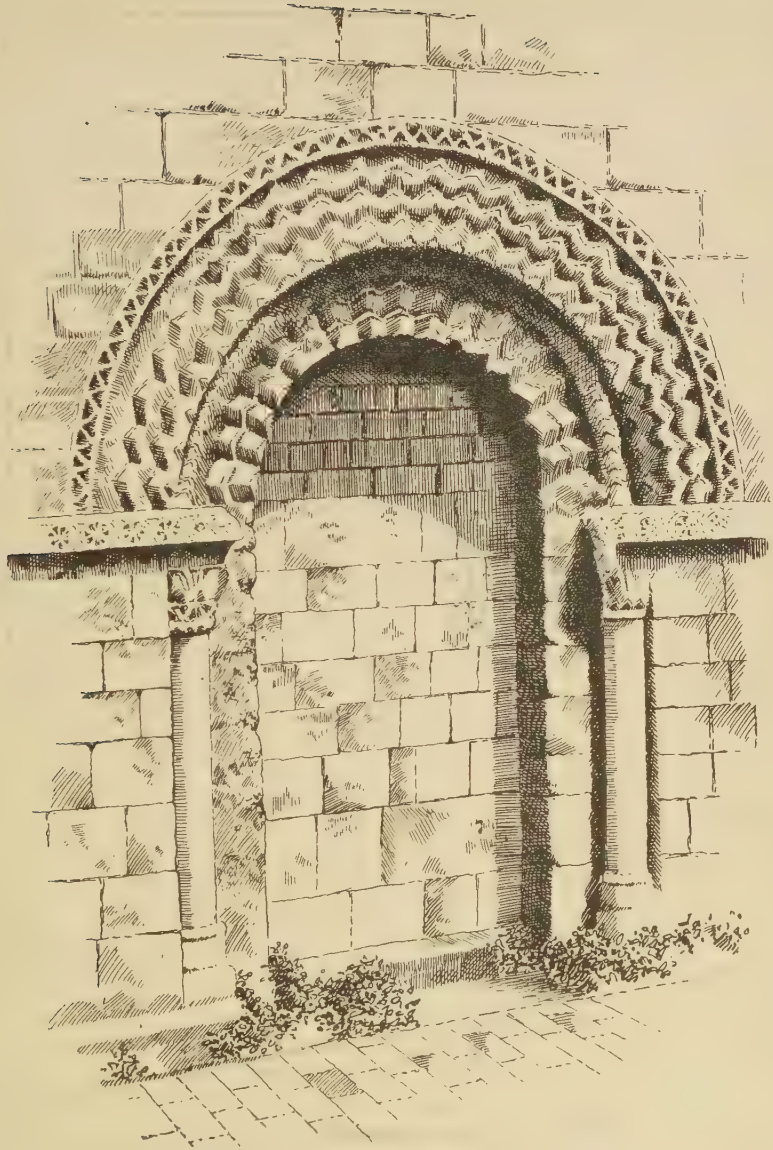

LATE NORMAN DOORWAY, CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

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Of examples of work at Chichester later than the close of the twelfth century and the beginning of the thirteenth, we have selected the Cloister—built, as the reader will notice, in the Per-

THE CLOISTER, CHICHESTER.

pendicular style of architecture—which possesses some unusual features, as it is placed along the transept and choir instead of along the nave; there is no north walk; and the three sides are of unequal lengths. Its wooden roof is interesting, and from the

cloister we obtain a pleasing view of parts of the exterior of the cathedral, particularly the south transept window and the now closed up Norman windows of the south aisle. The cloister walks enclose the cathedral burying-ground—Paradise, as it is called—where the remains of William Chillingworth, author of the "Religion of the Protestants," were laid to rest in 1643.

There is one event in the history of Chichester Cathedral of which we must remind the reader: the collapse of its beautiful, probably fifteenth-century, spire in 1861. In 1721 a terrific thunderstorm had passed over the place, and the lightning striking the spire dislodged several portions of the stonework, which were hurled into the street, and nothing less than the actual destruction of the spire—which from the time of its erection had made the cathedral one of the most notable in England—was anticipated, naturally with the utmost consternation. As soon as possible after the storm a survey of the spire was undertaken, and the architects assured themselves that after the stones had been replaced the spire would be as firm as before. "No trace of the injury," says a writer in 1813, "can now be discovered." Yet as the century progressed the condition of the tower on which the spire was raised caused the authorities uneasiness, and finally very important works to avert the threatened fall were undertaken. Indeed, almost up to the moment of the fall in 1861, workmen were busily engaged in shoring up the tower from within. Then, as the "Builder" of the time vividly puts it, the graceful structure was seen by those anxiously watching without suddenly to incline slightly to the south-west; at the same time "the stones and dust from the base of the tower rushed into the nave, choir, and transepts, and rapidly crumbled at the bottom as it descended; the mass subsided in the centre of the church, and the top of the spire, falling at last to the south-west, threw its capstone against the abutment of one of the flying buttresses of the nave and broke itself across another

MARKET CROSS, CHICHESTER.

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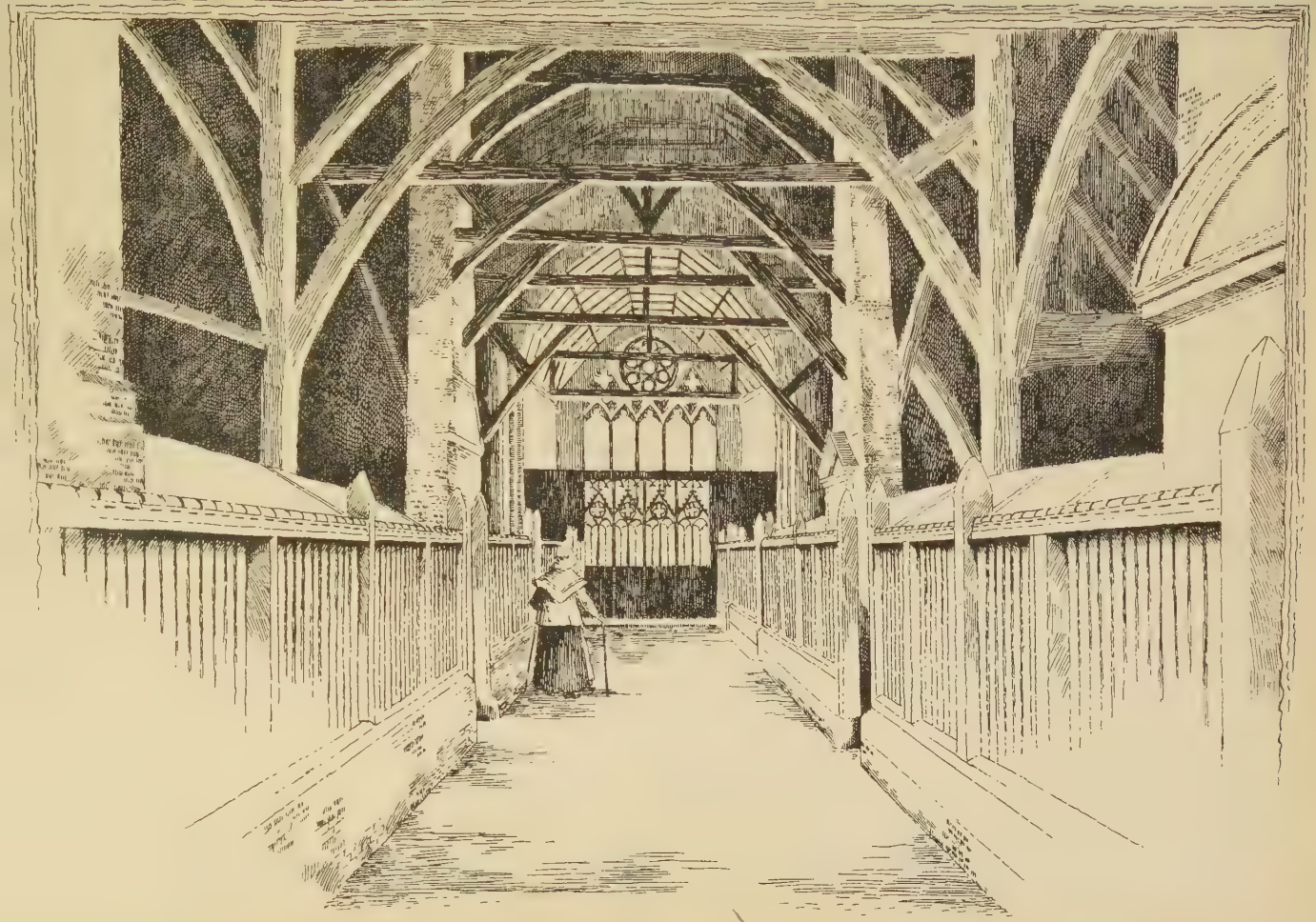

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, CHICHESTER.

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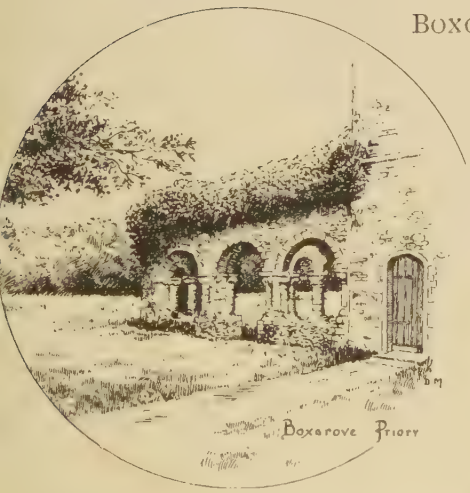
of them intervening." The present spire was completed in 1866.

We have said that there is much in Chichester to arrest attention besides the cathedral. Its walls are built upon Roman foundations, and at the intersection of the principal streets is the Market Cross, erected in the reign of Henry VIII., but altered in that of Charles II. at the expense of Buckingham. The belfry was the gift of Dame Farrington in 1724, and she also presented the clock. Then there is the extremely interesting mediaeval hospital of St. Mary, at the end of Lion Street, of which we show the hall or refectory.

The circumstances under which the hospital was originally founded are obscure, but there is an episcopal mandate, dated early in the fifteenth century, for its consecration. In all probability the greater part of the present building is of this date. It will be noticed that the hall possesses an exceedingly fine timber roof, spanning both nave and aisles; the latter are filled with the apartments of the occupants of the hospital. At the end of the hall, and screened off from it, is the chapel, with interesting stalls and a piscina. Like many another such foundation, doubt seems to have arisen, at the time of the suppression of the chantries and similar religious foundations in the reign of Edward VI., as to the exact nature of St. Mary's Hospital, and whether or not it was liable to suppression. This doubt was settled in 1562 by the drawing up of a new constitution for the hospital, which made it, to all intents and purposes, an almshouse, and such it remains at present.

SECTION II

SOUTH-WEST SUSSEX.



Boxgrove: Bosham: Arundel: Amberley: Parham.

THREE and a half miles north-east of Chichester stand the ruins of the Benedictine Priory of Boxgrove, founded in the year 1117 by Robert de Haya. The house was attached to the Norman abbey of L'Essay, and, like other alien priories in England, was often seized by the crown on the outbreak of a war with France. After a time, however, it was made denizen, and, free from the influence of external strife, quickly rose to great prosperity, being possessed at its dissolution in 1542 of revenues amounting to £3,000 a year!

It is not certain if in the ruins that now stand we have any part of the original structure, though the fragment of an entrance to the Chapter House from the cloister is obviously of an early date, and might well belong to the first quarter of the twelfth century. This fragment consists of three round-headed arches, two of them divided into sub-arches by a massive shaft.

Fifty yards or so from the ruins stands the parish church, and it is unquestionably one of the finest ecclesiastical buildings of

which Sussex can boast. The tower shown in the sketch is part of the original Norman church, and was, when erected, central. The transepts, of which we see the south, belong to the same date as does a portion of the nave; but the church underwent a considerable extension westward during the Transitional period. Many objects in the interior deserve special notice, and we recommend to the reader's attention an excellent account of the

BOSHAM.

Priory and Church by the Rev. J. L. Petit and Rev. W. Turner, published in 1861.

To reach Bosham —of which a view is here given—the reader must retrace his steps to Chichester, from which it is distant four miles in a westerly direction. Trains run frequently between Chichester and Bosham, which is now but a tiny fishing village, situated on a creek of Chichester Harbour. But this tiny village has a history as eventful as any in the county. Here are traces of an important Roman occupation; here the South Saxons first

BOXGROVE CHURCH AND RUINS OF PRIORY.

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THE KEEP, ARUNDEL CASTLE.

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heard the truths of Christianity from the lips of Irish missionaries sent by St. Wilfrid from York; and here the great king Cnut and his court resided. From Bosham, too, or from hard by it, Harold started to give battle to the Norman invaders. What a contrast to all this is its present stillness! The old mill and bridge here depicted stand between the church and the sea.

Now we turn our steps eastwards, back through Chichester to Arundel. This latter place, if approached by train, will come in view soon after crossing the bridge over the river Arun at Ford Junction, and lies to the traveller's left as he comes from Bosham. The view of Arundel, built up the hillside—the height of the hill is emphasized by the surrounding flatness—and crowned by the Roman Catholic chapel and the parish church, is distinctly fine. A little beyond the chapel and church, and a little lower on the hillside, is the Castle, which has undergone no less that three sieges—the last during the great Civil War, when the Parliamentary troops under Waller reduced it to an entire ruin.

The Keep here shown is almost the only part left of the *old* castle. This Keep, as the reader will see, stands on a mound, no doubt artificial, of some height, and is approached by a flight of steps. In the centre is a descent to what was probably a guard-room. A winding stairway leads to the ramparts, from which may be obtained a good view of the castle buildings generally.

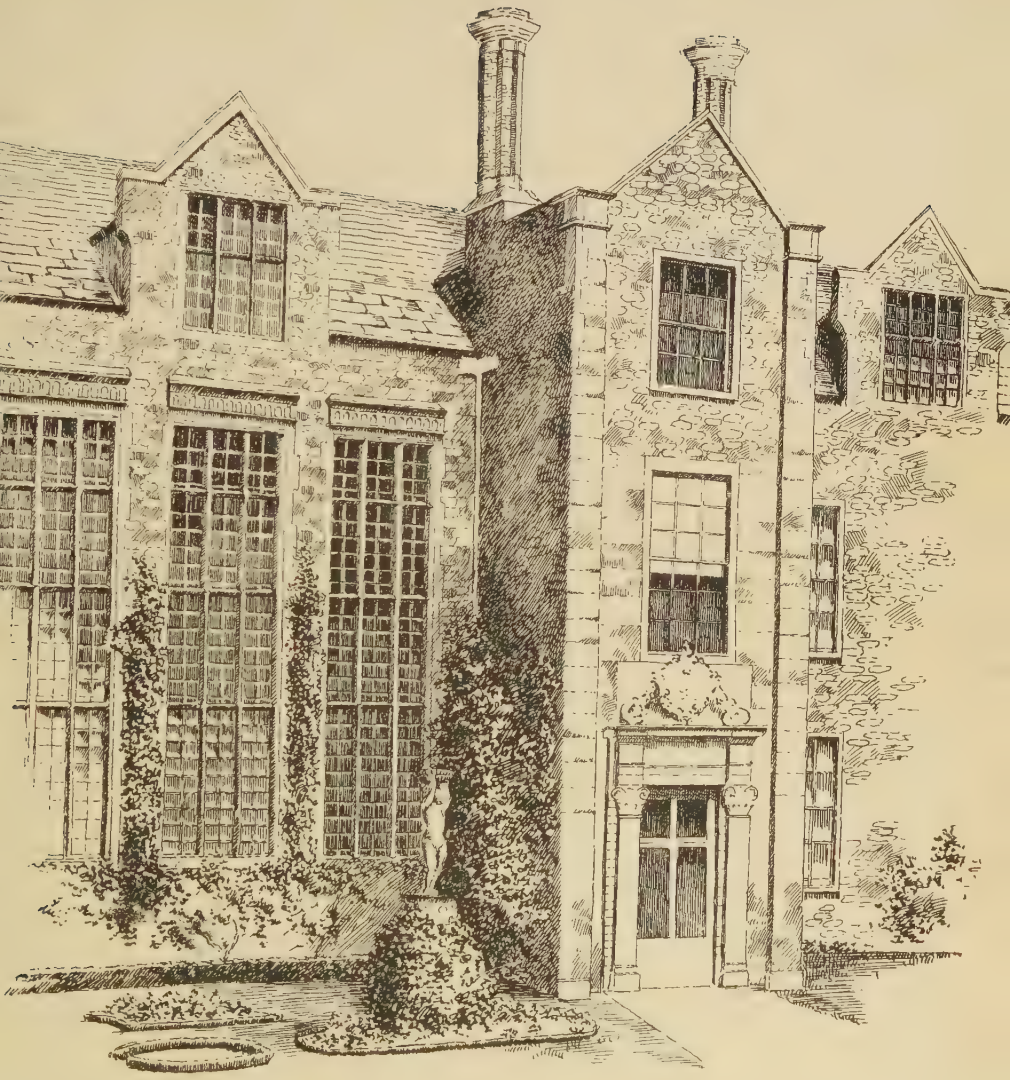
A ruin still—but with much ancient work left intact in it—is Amberley Castle, which stands a few miles to the north of Arundel on the way to London. The castle lies to the north of the station and about a mile distant from it. Amberley was an episcopal residence before the South Saxon see was moved from Selsey to Chichester, but was only castellated in 1379. A sixteenth-century bishop preferred the greater comfort of a domestic dwelling to the dignity of residence in a castle, and erected the Tudor or very late Perpendicular house which still stands within the walls. Oddly enough, the prelate who built this house was the last

occupant of the see to reside at Amberley. In the gateway here depicted is the groove for a portcullis, but no portcullis now remains; around the building is a moat, but it is dry. Before leaving Amberley, the church should be visited; it stands hard by the castle, and contains a great deal of early work.

Amberley is the nearest station to Parham, the Zouche's magnificent Elizabethan seat. The famous mullioned window here shown stands in the south front. The interior is architec-

AMBERLEY.

turally of much interest, and along the walls of a gallery, 158 ft. long, which runs at the top of the building, hangs a collection of pictures which includes a Raffaelle. The chapel, at the eastern end of the house, contains a curious wooden font, Jacobean in design. The history of the owners of Parham induces one to look for a priest's hole, and we shall find the steps leading to one under a window on the north side of the gallery. Besides pictures Parham is also the home of many antiquities and curiosities of different kinds; indeed, it is a veritable museum.



PARHAM.

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SECTION III.

ROUND MIDHURST.

BIGNOR.

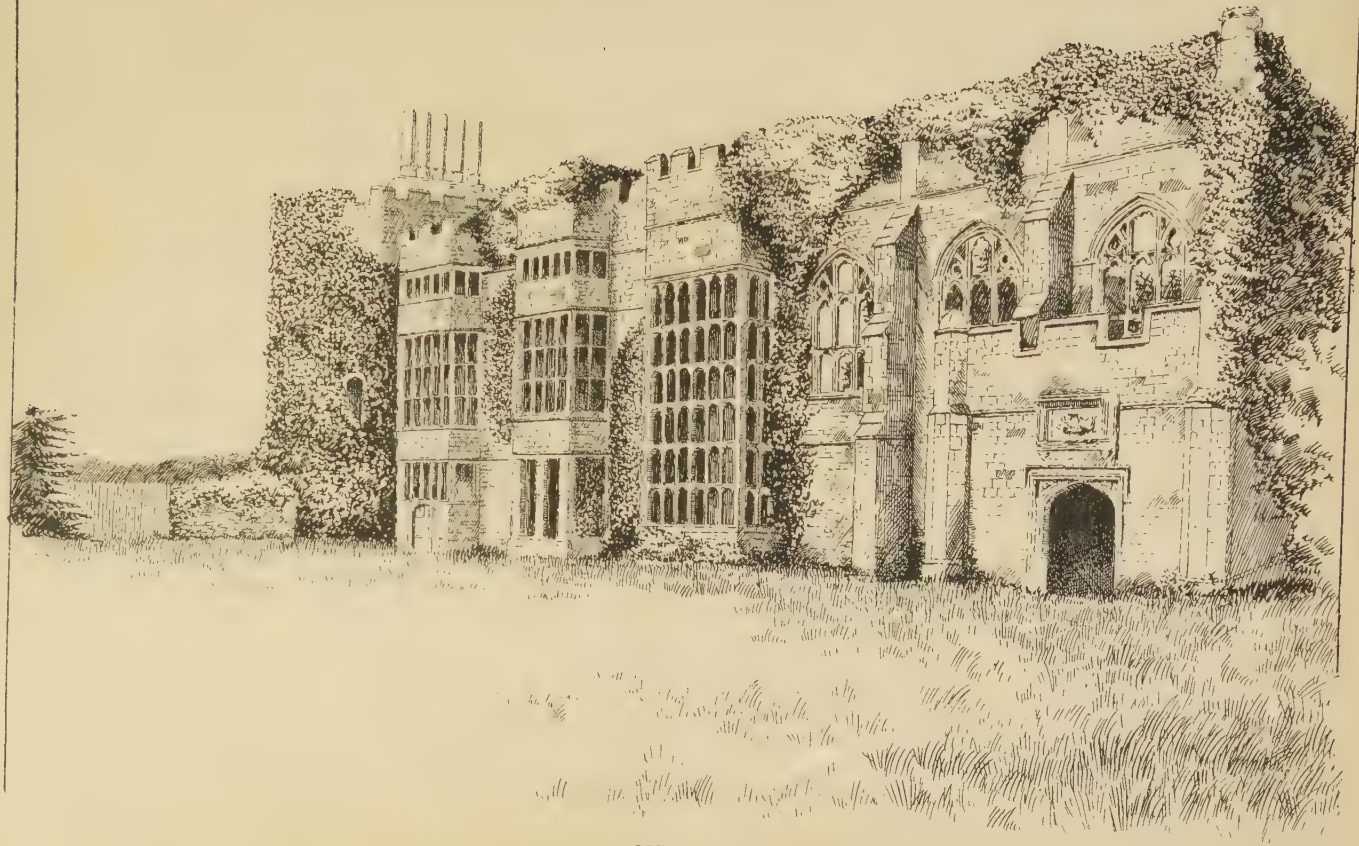
MIDHURST: COWDRAY: EASEBOURNE: LAVINGTON: PETWORTH: FITTLEWORTH: BIGNOR: PULBOROUGH.

MIDHURST is a convenient sojourning place for those who desire to explore the north-west parts of Sussex. The town itself is picturesque, and the church, though somewhat ruthlessly "restored," has certain features of interest; amongst them the tower. But it is to the proximity of Cowdray that Midhurst is indebted for most of its visitors. This palatial dwelling was erected in the reign of Henry VIII. by the Earl of Southampton, who left it to his half-brother, Sir Anthony Browne, ancestor of the Viscounts Montagu, who added to it, and in whose descendants it remained till the death of the last viscount in 1793. A week previous to that event the house had been gutted by fire. Some forty years before, Dr. Pococke, a very industrious walker and recorder of all he saw on his walks, thus describes Cowdray: "It is an exceeding good old house, and

furnished in a plain grand manner mostly with scarlet velvet. It is famous for paintings, commonly said to be of Holbens, which serve as the wainscoat of a parlor. . . . On the left is the

MIDHURST.

siege of Bullogne; on the right the entry of Edward the 6th, being his procession from the Tower to Westminster in order to be crown'd." The picture here given shows the famous six-storied oriel window of the banqueting hall—Buck Hall, as it is



COWDRAY.

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called, from some carved representations of stags that once adorned it—and the ruins of the chapel.

Many have been the royal visits to Cowdray, and in 1591 Queen Bess shot deer in the park. A beautiful park it is, and after walking through it we emerge at the north gate in the village of Easebourne, a place which, by the way, requires

EASEBOURNE.

careful pronunciation in order to avoid confusion with the well-known Sussex watering-place.

Striking eastwards from Midhurst we reach Petworth, and near by is Lavington, once the residence of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, whose home life there is so charmingly described by Dean Burgon. The parish was Cardinal Manning's first living, and the "walk" here shown was one of his favourite rambles. How tenderly in after years he looked back on those

Lavington days is best told in his own words: "the little church," he calls it, "under a green hillside, where the morning and evening prayers and the music of the English Bible for seventeen years became part of my soul." Petworth itself con-

CARDINAL MANNING'S WALK AT LAVINGTON.

tains, as we see, some nice half-timbered structures, and the churchyard has at least one picturesque corner. In the church are some interesting monuments to members of the illustrious families who have been successively owners of Petworth House —the Percies, Seymours and Wyndhams. This mansion con-

EAST STREET, PETWORTH.

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A CORNER IN PETWORTH CHURCHYARD.

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tains what is said to be the finest private collection of pictures in England, and amongst its internal decoration is carving by Grinling Gibbons.

At Fittleworth, the next station to Petworth going towards Pulborough, is a picturesque church with a chancel unspoiled by restoration, and a few nice "black and white" cottages. But the

FITTLEWORTH CHURCH.

chief object of interest in the neighbourhood of this place is the Roman villa lying three miles to the south, at Bignor, and discovered in 1811.

The villa is situated in a field called the Berry, or Oldbury, and it is noteworthy that this field had been regarded, traditionally, as the site of a Roman town. The best accounts of the remains are to be found in Samuel Lysons' "Reliquiae Britan-

nico Romanae—the figures of Roman Antiquities discovered in England," volume iii., and in Thomas Morgan's "Romano-British Mosaic Pavements." In these works—especially the former—the elaborate patterns of the pavements of the different rooms in the villa are reproduced with exquisite delicacy and accuracy, and on looking at these beautiful specimens of Roman art—on which are portrayed human figures, birds, and beasts—one cannot but regret that so little heed is now paid to the preservation of the originals. True, they are covered over by the thatched buildings, but the pavements themselves, for lack of timely repair, are rapidly becoming ruined. The loosening of one of the *tesserae* is quickly followed by the loosening of those immediately around it, and this loosening has now been going on at Bignor for some time, with the result that many portions of the patterns have entirely disappeared. Then, too, the roots of adjoining trees have been allowed to spread under portions of the pavements, and thus, of course, have thrust up the *tesserae*. By this means the famous figure of Ganymede has been irreparably damaged. It is high time that some drastic measures were taken to secure what remain of the famous Bignor pavements.

But our interest in the residence of the prosperous Roman who lived in this villa must not allow us to neglect a visit to Bignor Church, in parts a very early building, some portions of which are said to be pre-Saxon. Amongst the later features to notice are a chancel screen, fourteenth century, and the font.

It is no great distance from Fittleworth to Pulborough, pleasantly situated on the river Arun, which is here crossed by an old stone bridge. Many Roman remains have been found in and near the town, which was situated on "Stone Street," and hard by is an artificial mound which is pointed out as the site of a Roman fort. The place seems to have increased in size since the coming of the railway—the Midhurst branch here joins the main line from Horsham to Arundel—but there are many

PULBOROUGH, FROM THE ARUN.

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delightful black and white houses left; amongst them that figured below, which stands at the top of the hill opposite the Post Office. The brick chimney shafts of some of the small houses or cottages are exceedingly pleasing features and are commented upon in Messrs. Davie and Dawber's recent work on old farmhouses in Kent and Sussex.[1] Pulborough Church, too, possesses many features of interest; it has, for instance, an early English chancel and a Perpendicular nave, to which latter period belong the sedilia. The lych-gate is picturesque.

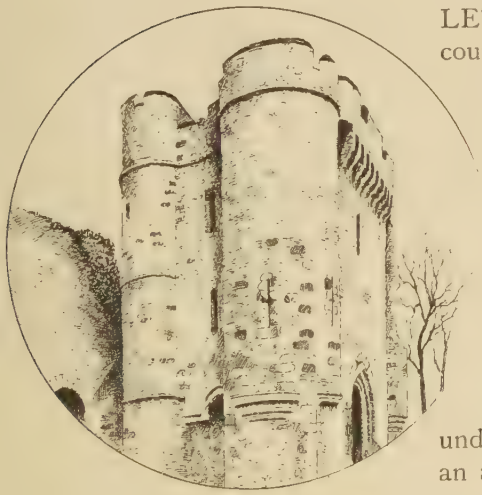
[1] Batsford, 1900.

OLD HOUSE AT PULBOROUGH.

SECTION IV.

LEWES AND AROUND IT.

LEWES: SOUTHOVER: PLUMPTON: DANNY.



LEWES CASTLE.

LET us explore a little the country around Lewes, the capital of Sussex. It would be hard to find a more interesting capital in any English county, for it possesses historical associations, is rich in antiquarian remains, and is certainly picturesque. How early in history a town of importance existed on the site of the present Lewes, may be a disputed point, but undoubtedly the place was already an active centre of life in Saxon times when King Æthelstan established there two mints. Domesday Book also testifies to its importance, and from the year 1295 it returned members to represent it in Parliament.

Lewes Castle was built, or perhaps *re*-built, by William, Earl of Warrenne in the time of the Conqueror. Of this stronghold there remain two gateways; the outer, certainly Norman, is represented overleaf. Passing through these gateways we reach the Keep, probably built in the thirteenth century, in which is

contained the Museum of the Sussex Archaeological Society. The Museum deserves more than a passing visit. The Castle had four towers, two of which still remain.

The view of the town and neighbourhood to be obtained from the Castle is extremely fine, and incites us to descend and explore the streets and lanes of red-roofed houses that, built up the hillside, form the town. Along St. Mary's Street, one of the narrow ways that lead down the hill towards the station, George IV. performed a remarkable driving feat, taking a coach and four to the bottom in safety. Really, as we read of this monarch's performances on the road, we must be devoutly thankful that he does not rule over us to-day. George IV. handling a motor-car would be something too terrible!

Coming from the Castle you find yourself in High Street, and turning to the right you reach St. Michael's Church, which retains its Norman tower. Within are a couple of brasses; one of them, erected to the memory of Sir Nicholas Pelham, who died in 1559, is poetically interesting from the fact that in a verse engraved upon it "Seaford" is made to rhyme with "abroad." St. Anne's, further along High Street, contains good Transitional work and an early font. Go still further along High Street, and in time you will reach the scene of Simon de Montfort's famous victory over the forces of Henry III.

Between St. Michael's and St. Anne's churches is Keere Street, which leads to the site of the chief ecclesiastical foundation of which Lewes, in ancient days, could boast—the great Cluniac priory (the first of that order established in England) of St. Pancras, founded in the time of the Conqueror, by Earl Warrenne and Gundrada his wife. Its revenues, at the monastic suppression in the sixteenth century, amounted to £1,000 a year.

On the way to the Priory we pass Southover Grange, a building in the Elizabethan style, erected in 1572, and built of Caen stone

NORMAN GATEWAY, LEWES CASTLE.

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which, it is said, was taken from the Priory. We have spoken of the "site" of the Priory because the visible remains of it are now practically non-existent; many of the sculptured stones from the buildings we shall have already seen in the Castle Museum.

Yet so late as the year 1813 there stood many of the walls, the "shells"—as a writer then puts it—of some of the apartments, the cloister "with rude massive vaulted roof," and portions of the

SOUTHOVER GRANGE, LEWES.

gateway. Of the priory church nothing then remained; it had been levelled to the ground, and its architectural beauties ruthlessly hacked to pieces at the time of the suppression, when it was granted, together with all the buildings of the priory, to the great monastic despoiler, Thomas Cromwell. The priory buildings were to stand, and yield profit to the king's then favourite by letting, but the church was hewn down to make saleable building materials. "I have already told you," writes one of Cromwell's servants, "of

the length and greatness of this church, which we have begun to pull down wholly to the ground," and then gives many details and dimensions. "All this," he continues, "is down Thursday and Friday last, and now we are a-plucking down a higher vault borne up by four thick and gross pillars fourteen feet from side to side, about in circumference 45 feet. . . . We have brought from London seventeen persons, three carpenters, two smiths, two plumbers, and one that keepeth the furnace. Everyone of these attendeth to his own office. Ten of them heweth the walls about, among the which are the three carpenters. These made props to underset where the others cut away; the others brake and cut the walls. These men are exercised much better than other men that we find here in the country. . . . A Tuesday they began to cast the lead, and it shall be done with such diligence and saving as may be, so that our trust is that your lordship will be much satisfied with what we do." Well he might be! Then, with a prayer that God, whose house he was demolishing, would bless and prosper his master, the faithful servant concludes his letter, adding, however, this postscript, which, though somewhat obscure, gives us some useful information as to the church:

"Underneath here your lordship shall see a just measure of the whole abbey: length of the church 150, height 63 foot; the circumference about it 1558 foot; the wall of the fore-front, thick 10 foot. The thickness of the vaults 4 foot. There be in the church 32 pillars standing equally from the walls. An high roof made for the bells. . . . The height of the greater sort [of pillars] is 42 foot. . . . The height of the roof before the high altar is 93 foot."

The foundations of the church were covered till the year 1845, when, on making the Brighton railway, they were unearthed and the leaden coffins of the founders discovered, and eventually placed in the neighbouring church of St. John, Southover. Close to the site of the priory stands a picturesque half-timber house

PLUMPTON PLACE.

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said to have been the residence of Anne of Cleves, but over its porch is the date 1599, and the aggravatingly mild German lady, who was for a short time wife to bluff King Hal, died in 1557. It may, however, be argued that the porch is later than other parts of the house, and certainly the manor of Southover was amongst the property which Henry gave to his phlegmatic spouse. After her death it was granted to the Sackvilles.

Before exploring the country that lies along the coast towards Hastings and Rye, a visit should be paid to Plumpton, a station

ANNE OF CLEVES' HOUSE.

on the line from Lewes to Hayward's Heath. The church possesses some interesting features—mediaeval wall-paintings amongst them—but the most picturesque object is certainly Plumpton Place, a genuine old moated manor-house, whose moat, though about one-third is filled up, is still a very fine sheet of water, affording excellent fishing. It was once the residence of a certain Leonard Mascall, who must have been an individual of varied accomplishments and knowledge. Here are titles of some of his books: "A Book of the Art and manner how to

plant and graft all sorts of trees; how to set stones and sow pippins; to make wild trees to graft on; as also remedies and medicines with other new practice," published in 1572; "The Countryman's Jewel," published in 1580; "On the government of cattle," published posthumously in 1596; and certain other books, one being a treatise on "Sundrie engines and trappes to take Pole-cats, Buzards, Rattes, Mice, and all other kinds of vermine." Happy days those for the naturalist when the buzzard was common enough in England to be classed as vermin!

DANNY.

In the deep still water of the moat at Plumpton are many fine carp, and amongst other wonderful things which Master Leonard Mascall is said to have done was the introduction into England of fish of this species, which he brought from the Danube; but our readers will discount the statement when they remember that a good old sportswoman, Dame Juliana Berners, knew the carp as fish to be found in English waters—"a dayntous fysshe, but scarce"; so she describes in her famous Book of St. Albans, which saw light some years before the dawn of the sixteenth century. We are gravely told in more than one book on

Sussex that Mascall was farrier to James I. He died in 1589; but that, of course, is a detail!

Almost due west from Plumpton—Hassocks is the nearest station—is Danny, in the parish of Hurstpierpoint, a fine Elizabethan house, built, entirely of red brick, under the shelter of Wolstonbury Beacon. The present house was completed in 1595, and stands to the right of the ancient manorial residence, the foundations of which may still be traced after a spell of dry weather. It contains many interesting features, including richly moulded ceilings. The builder was George Goring, who had bought the property of Lord Dacre in 1582. Goring was afterwards made Earl of Norwich, and was a brave commander of the forces of Charles I. against those of Cromwell and the Parliament. He paid for his loyalty by banishment, narrowly escaping death, but lived to see the Restoration.

SECTION V.

HASTINGS AND AROUND.

HASTINGS : BATTLE : BODIAM : PEVENSEY : HURSTMONCEAUX.

RUINS OF HASTINGS CASTLE.

HASTINGS is a convenient centre for exploring the eastern portion of the Sussex coast, and some interesting parts of the county lying immediately to the north of it. It is a nice town; picturesque still, in parts, despite "development." St. Leonards, which only sprang into existence in "the thirties," joins it on the west, and is regarded as the fashionable residential part of Hastings. It looks prosperous and wealthy, but is hideously ugly. Beyond it, to the west again, is Bexhill, and as this place is fast becoming a popular sea-side resort and creeping up to St. Leonards, there will be, ere long, a "sea-front" many miles in length. Well, as the philosopher observed, "it is hard to resist the inevitable," and we must rest content with the fact that the picturesque part of the Sussex coast lying around Pevensey can be reached from Hastings by train, so that the sea-front, with its attendant eyesores, need not distress us.

Centuries ago—in Saxon times—Hastings was a place of importance, with two harbours, one on each side of the cliff on which now stands the ruined castle. Traces of these harbours are to be seen in maps produced so late as the close of the seventeenth century—Norden's, for instance; but they were, by that time, so silted up, so blocked and shallow, as to be of little practical use.

At first the town lay mostly around the westernmost of these harbours, and here King Æthelstane had a mint; but before the Conquest this harbour had become choked up, and a new town was built around the easternmost. Still the hand of nature laboured for the ruin of Hastings, and in process of time the other harbour became blocked up, and the town sank into commercial obscurity till the fashion of taking a sea-side holiday came in and gave the place a new life. But Hastings never quite lost its importance as a fishing station, and the fishing industry is still extensively carried on there, giving to that portion of the town—the old town, as it is called—a life of its own and a picturesqueness which renders it as good a sketching ground as exists on the south-eastern coast. What more pleasing sight is there than, on a moon-lit night, to watch, from the cliffs, the fleet of Hastings fishing-boats making its way to gather in the harvest of the deep!

A writer in the middle of the eighteenth century thus describes Hastings as he saw it: "It consists of two streets, one for shops, the other for fishermen. On one side of the latter the houses are built on the side of the hill with a terrace before 'em, six or seven feet above the street. There is a church at each end of the town. . . . They have a great trade in sending fish to London, and export iron pigs from the neighbouring forges. It is no harbour, but a gravelly beach, and they draw up vessels of 70 tun on the land."

Of the five churches of which mediaeval Hastings could boast,

two remain; the ruins of the most ancient, St. Michael's, have only recently disappeared; and these two churches are really all that remains of the ancient town, for the picturesque parts of the old town, of which we have just spoken, are no older than the

ST. CLEMENT'S, HASTINGS, FROM HILL STREET.

eighteenth century, or perhaps, in a few parts, the seventeenth. The remaining churches are St. Clement's in Hill Street, and All Saints; the former has, as the reader will notice, a beacon-tower, and from this was most likely exhibited a light

for the guidance of mariners entering the port by night. We are speaking, of course, of the days when coast-lighting was an act of religious benevolence. There are many interesting features in St. Clement's, externally and internally. Our picture of the tower, viewed from Hill Street, shows a couple of dark marks in it, one on either side of the uppermost window. These are cannon-balls; one was fired, so tradition states, by a privateer, and a churchwarden—how long after history does not relate—caring not for this one-sided ornamentation, caused another of these warlike messengers to be firmly embedded in the stonework on the opposite side of the window! The story is a good one, whether true or not. Within the church the font and sedilia are the most noticeable features, though finer examples of the latter exist at All Saints, the other ancient church in Hastings.

We have spoken of the ruined castle, standing on the cliff, on either side of which were the former harbours. Not much of this castle remains above ground, and so, from an architectural or constructive point of view, it is not particularly interesting. The Early English arch, which once formed part of the chapel—a view of which is depicted at the beginning of this chapter—is a recent reconstruction from collected fragments. The castle chapel, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, was once an important collegiate establishment and the visitation of it a bone of contention between the sees of Chichester and Canterbury. But the ruin, slight as it is, is picturesque, and with it are associated many prominent and even romantic incidents in history. Its importance in days immediately following the Conquest must have been immense, for it was the seat of the Counts d'Eu, whose business was to look after the English side of the Channel and keep it clear for the unhindered passage of William's messengers to Normandy. On the other side this duty rested on the abbots of Fécamp. At Hastings Castle William Rufus, on the eve of his departure for Normandy, received the homage of the magnates

GATEWAY, BATTLE ABBEY.

of the realm, and within its gates, so it is said, was held the first tournament in England.

Many are the pleasing walks and drives round Hastings; to

ECCLESBOURNE GLEN.

ramble over the cliffs to the eastward is delightful, for they are now and then intersected by charming glens, of which Eccles-bourne is one of the prettiest.

Further afield, yet easily reached from Hastings, is Battle Abbey, founded, as everybody knows, by William the Conqueror, after he had routed the Saxon forces in 1066. There is no need here to enter into details of the history of Battle, which is told, more or less accurately, in every Sussex guide-book, but we may remind the reader that after the Dissolution the abbey was granted to Sir Anthony Browne, who pulled down the church and cloister and turned the abbot's lodging into a dwelling-house; part of the arcading of the cloister is to be seen built into the walls on the east side of the house.

It is quite obvious, on reaching Battle Abbey, to see that it has been most drastically "restored." The restoration took place in 1857, when it was purchased by the late Duke of Cleveland. The present great hall retains the dimensions of that formerly there, and portions of the old work are introduced. But the only part of the ancient building that remains intact is the famous fourteenth-century gateway shown on page 59. From the great terrace—which is made on the site of a Tudor house, erected by the first Lord Montagu—we look over the battlefield, and, therefore, on the site of the abbey church; for William had vowed that the high altar of that church should stand exactly on that spot where his foe should fall. The actual site of the high altar was discovered, nearly a century ago, in the centre of what is now the garden.

Though not possessed of the historical associations of Battle, there is far more that is interesting at Bodiam Castle, which can easily be reached from Hastings by taking the train to Robertsbridge—itself worth a visit, and deriving its name from the bridges which there span the river Rother—and changing on to the Tenterden Light Railway, which has a station at Bodiam close to the castle. The castle was erected towards the closing years of the fourteenth century, and is surrounded by a moat which still contains water. At each angle is a round

BODIAM CASTLE.

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tower, and in the middle of each side a square one—eight towers in all, and in each a stairway more or less perfect. Within is a green court, and round it the ruins of various dwelling-rooms. The chapel stands on the east side; on the south are the hall, buttery, and the kitchen, which last has two fine fireplaces. The chief architectural features of Bodiam are the machicolations and the vaulting in the gateway. In the vaulting are holes instead of bosses, and through these holes hot lead might be dropped on unwelcome visitors. The castle, which was built in 1386, was dismantled during the great Civil War.

Also easily reached from Hastings, but quite in the opposite direction to Battle and Bodiam, is Pevensey. Here are antiquarian remains which eclipse those at either of the other places, near Hastings. The ruins of Pevensey Castle are, it is true, only mediaeval, but the wall around the castle is that which encircled a Roman town, almost certainly the town of Anderida, which was devastated by the Saxons at the close of the fifth century.

At Pevensey landed the Norman hosts under Duke William in 1066, and soon after were laid the foundations of the castle, in which, some twenty years later, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, was besieged by his nephew. Other sieges followed: when Maud held the castle against Stephen; when it stood firm for Henry III. against the forces of Simon de Montfort; and when Lady Pelham held it for Bolingbroke against Richard II. in 1399. Illustrious persons were here confined as prisoners for some time after this date, but the building was already a ruin on the eve of the coming of the Spanish Armada, when orders were given for it either to be rebuilt or razed; happily neither operation was performed, and the castle stands to-day much as it stood when Elizabeth's active officers surveyed it.

First let us say a word as to the surrounding wall, beside which runs a road. Coming towards it from the west we face

the *Porta Decumana*, flanked by a couple of round towers, still solid, though part of the casing stone has fallen away, leaving the cemented flints exposed to view, much as they are exposed in the ruined walls of Verulam. There are seven other towers in the wall at Pevensey, and two at least have Norman work added to them. The magnificent construction is best observed from within.

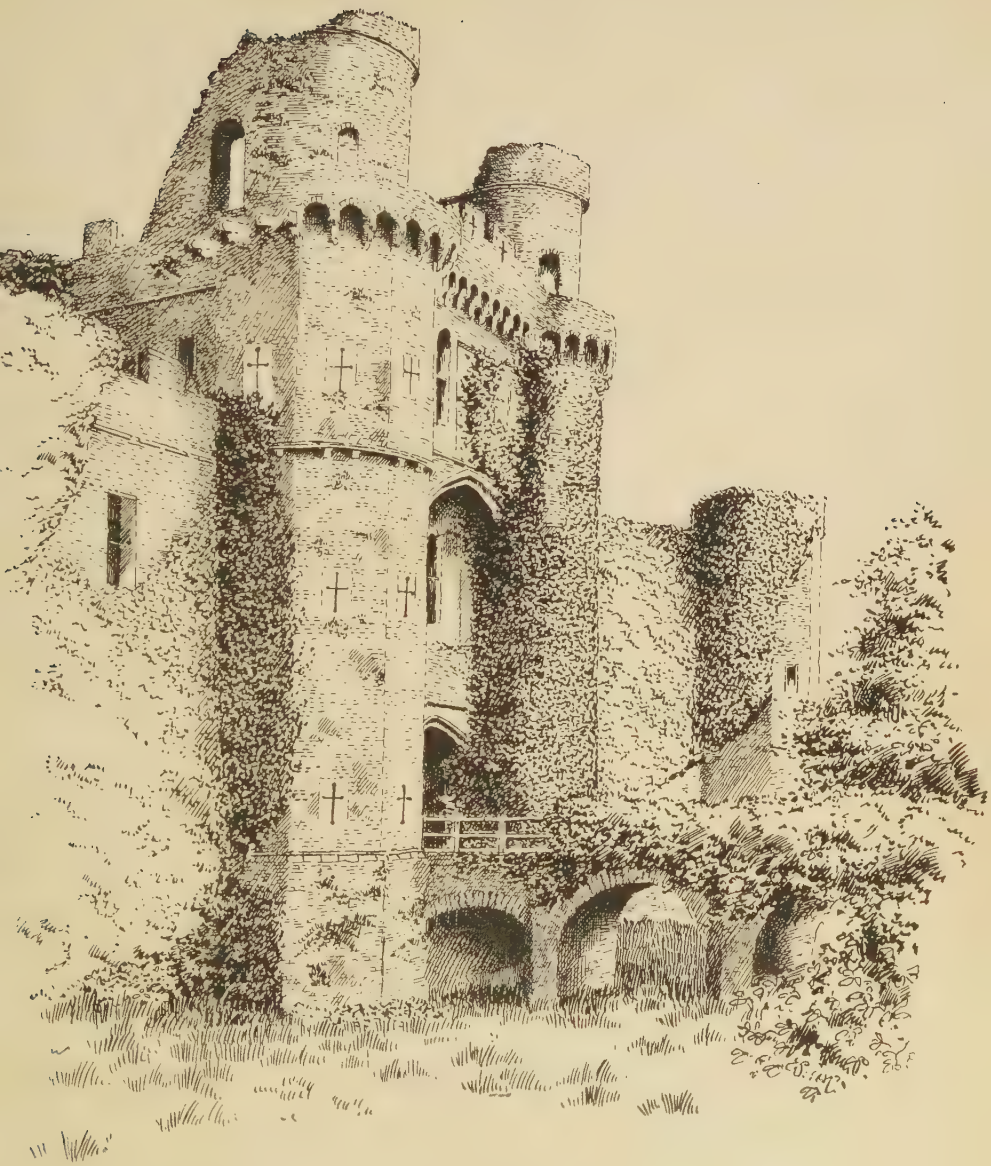
The castle is now surrounded by a meagre ditch, once no doubt a formidable moat, as at Bodiam, and was of course reached by a drawbridge to the main entrance, flanked by towers, and con-

RUINS OF PEVENSEY CASTLE.

taining Norman work; the rest of the castle was built in the thirteenth century. There is but little left of the Keep. The form of the chapel can be traced, and the font still stands, protected by an iron cage.

Pevensey Church lies somewhat to the east of the castle and will repay a visit—the pillars of the nave, lancet windows, and chancel arch are particularly fine.

Of the buildings of mediaeval Pevensey actually nothing remains: a few houses, picturesque enough it is true, now form the "town" of Pevensey, once one of the most important of the Cinque



HURSTMONCEAUX.

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Ports, and the recipient of incorporation as early as the beginning of the thirteenth century. But at Pevensey, as at Hastings, the hand of nature has wrought commercial ruin, filling up its haven-mouth and leaving its quays and storehouses a mile or

PEVENSEY CHURCH, FROM THE CASTLE.

more from the sea; not a trace of the entrance to Pevensey harbour can now be detected on the line of beach.

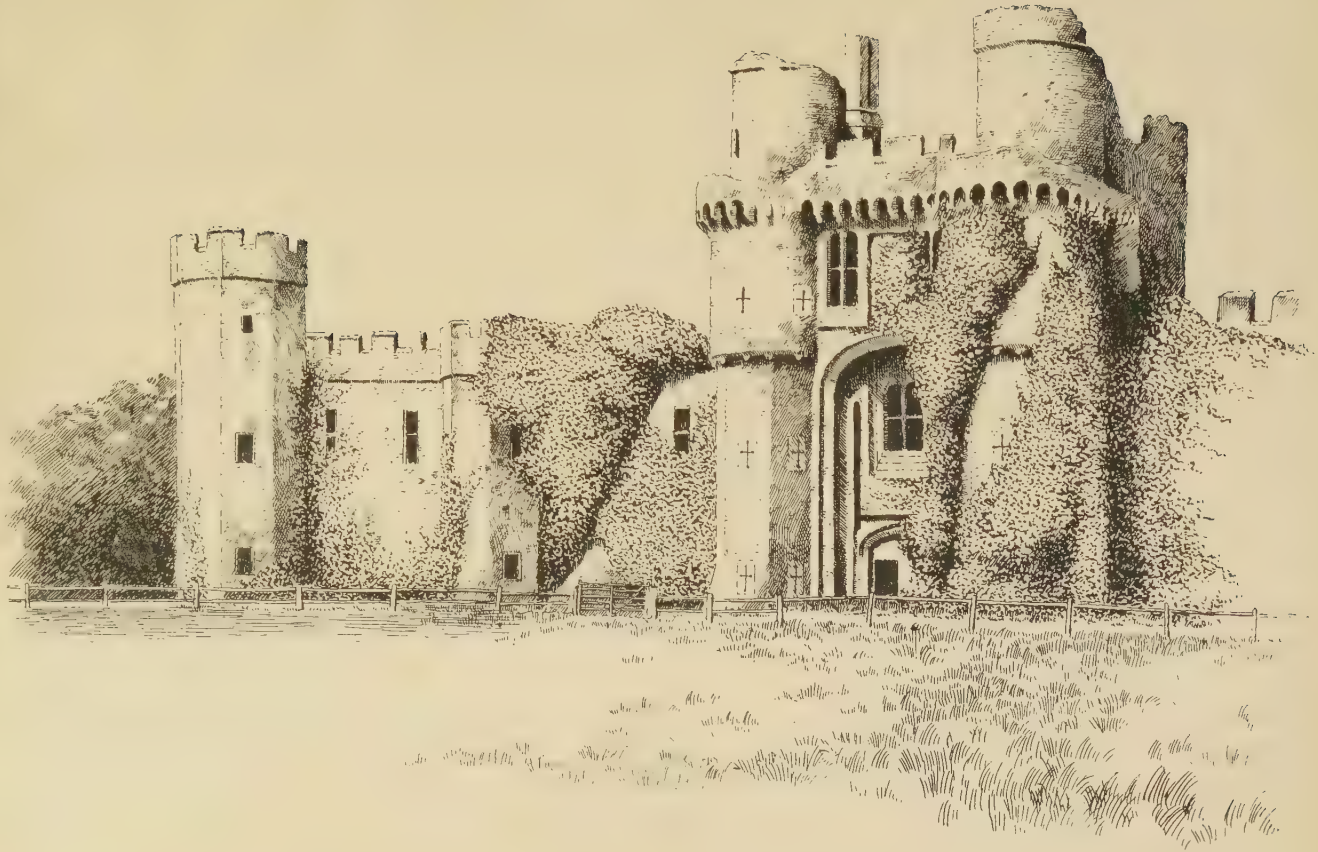
If fortunate, the traveller may catch a train from Pevensey station direct to Polegate, and by changing there another train to

Hailsham, five miles from which place stands another Sussex castle of interest and importance. This is Hurstmonceaux Castle, which cannot, however, claim the antiquity possessed by those of which we have been speaking, for it was not erected till 1440, its builder being Sir Roger de Fiennes, who fought at Agincourt. It was inhabited up to hard on the close of the eighteenth century, and might have been inhabited still had not the then owner dismantled it in order to erect a house known as Hurstmonceaux Place.

The first thing about Hurstmonceaux Castle that will attract the visitor's attention is the fact that it is built of brick—a very unusual material for the erection of important buildings so early as 1440. In plan it is nearly square, and has octagonal towers at the angles, and four others are in the centre of each side. Midway between every pair of towers is a semi-octagonal embattled projection; but the embattlements, and indeed all other defensive work at Hurstmonceaux is probably due to the architect's desire to make the residence *look* like a castle; for, by the year of its erection, knowledge of the superior comforts of a building planned as a dwelling-place and not as a stronghold, was gaining ground and was appreciated.

The main gateway is the most elaborate part of the building. The flanking towers of this are, as the reader will notice, octagonal below and circular above, and capped by small watch-towers.

But though Hurstmonceaux is not yet five centuries old, we do not advise a nervous and superstitious individual to visit it at hours suitable for supernatural displays; for the castle is, we are told, haunted by apparitions as alarming as those one might expect to encounter amongst the ruins of a Norman abbey or stronghold. Local tradition is not very clear as to whose ghosts they are that haunt the ivy-clad ruin; perhaps they are those of the persons at whose instigation a really magnificent example of fifteenth-century building was ruthlessly and needlessly dis-



HURSTMONCEAUX: ANOTHER VIEW.

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mantled, and whose spirits are now paying by unrest the penalty of their vandalism.

A little to the south-west of the castle is Hurstmonceaux Church, built mainly in the Transitional style. The windows are later. The church contains some fine tombs and brasses, and has literary associations from the fact that Julius Charles Hare was rector of it for over twenty years; he lies buried beneath the spreading yew tree in the churchyard. Mr. F. G. Brabant, in his excellent little volume on Sussex, points out that it is indeed from the close connection of the Archdeacon and his brother Augustus, with Hurstmonceaux, that the place derives its chief interest.

SECTION VI.

WINCHELSEA AND RYE.

WINCHELSEA : RYE : CAMBER CASTLE.

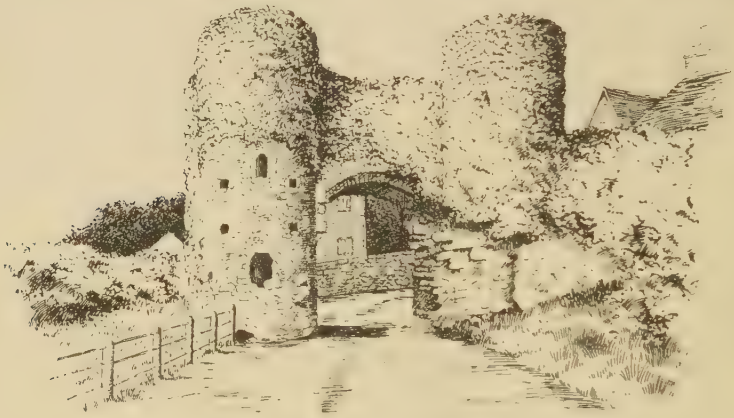
THE FRIARS, WINCHELSEA.

NEW WINCHELSEA is easily reached from Hastings, and is on the old line to London by way of Ashford. The station is in the flats, and a picturesque view of the town is obtained from it. Strange and inappropriate as the adjective "new" may seem, as applied to the town which the visitor sees before him, it is nevertheless perfectly accurate, for it is New Winchelsea that he is approaching. Old Winchelsea was submerged more than six centuries ago, and the gateway through which he will shortly pass is one of the entrances to the new town, planned and built by Edward I., with the advice of John de Kirkby his chancellor, then Bishop of Ely, on the hill above the low-lying land on which the ancient town had stood.

Had the great monarch of the thirteenth century and his clerical architect taken a modern American city for their model,

they could hardly have laid out New Winchelsea with greater regularity. The space within the town walls was divided by streets intersecting at right angles and making thirty-nine squares. This arrangement is still perfectly visible from the northern end of the town, though many of the squares are now fields.

To no one of the Cinque Ports was the hand of nature more unkind than to Winchelsea. Till the close of the thirteenth century it was a thriving seaport. Suddenly—how suddenly



STRAND GATE, WINCHELSEA.

chroniclers seem to differ—the sea submerged it. Then arose the new town on the hill and rivalled the old in its prosperity, courting from its fame and fortune the attacks of foreign fleets; three times was it burnt and sacked by the French ships sailing up to it. But with its fine harbour and fine trade Winchelsea rallied from its misfortunes and throve again, till slowly—very slowly, but very surely—the sea deserted it, and left it a Cinque Port only in name, high and dry, and more than a mile from the ocean's highway, as we see it to-day.

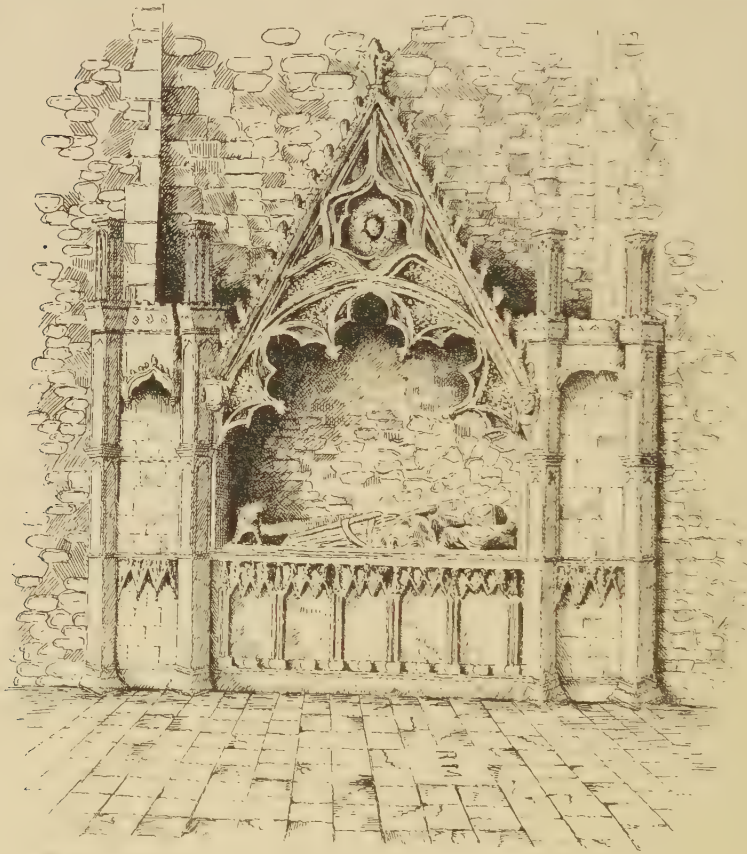
The exact period at which Winchelsea was left without at least a waterway, and deserted by its traders, is not quite apparent. Queen Bess, in 1573, found so many of them there to welcome her that she christened the place "Little London"; so that—unless her majesty was, on the occasion, in an unusually sarcastic mood—there must have been something of a harbour—something to keep up commercial life there—till nearly the close of the sixteenth century. No very important houses now stand above ground, but many mere cottages have exceedingly fine stone cellarage with vaulted roofing.

On one of the occasions on which Winchelsea was attacked, its church seems to have suffered severely; indeed, only the chancel now remains. Why the nave was never rebuilt we cannot say, but the inhabitants, despite their prosperity, seem to have contented themselves with walling up the west of the chancel and erecting a porch over the doorway made in this wall.

Yet in what remains of Winchelsea church is much that is interesting and beautiful. One of the most noticeable features is the exquisite canopied altar-tomb of Gervase Alard, Admiral of the Cinque Ports, who died in 1306. To the Alards—an illustrious family of merchant seamen—the town of Winchelsea certainly owed much. They were already prominent townsmen in 1235, and their fortune did not vanish even with the submersion of the place in which it had been won; their wealth was liberally bestowed in advancing the fortunes of the "new" Winchelsea, and in the magnificence of the monument erected to Gervase we have probably an expression of the gratitude with which his fellow-townsmen, and indeed dwellers in the Cinque Ports generally, regarded their admiral.

As to the number of religious institutions which Winchelsea contained, there appears to be considerable diversity of opinion amongst antiquaries. For our purpose it is only needful to refer to that of which any considerable amount of tangible evidence

exists: the house of Franciscan friars, or, as it is now called, the "Friars." The ruins of this establishment stand in private

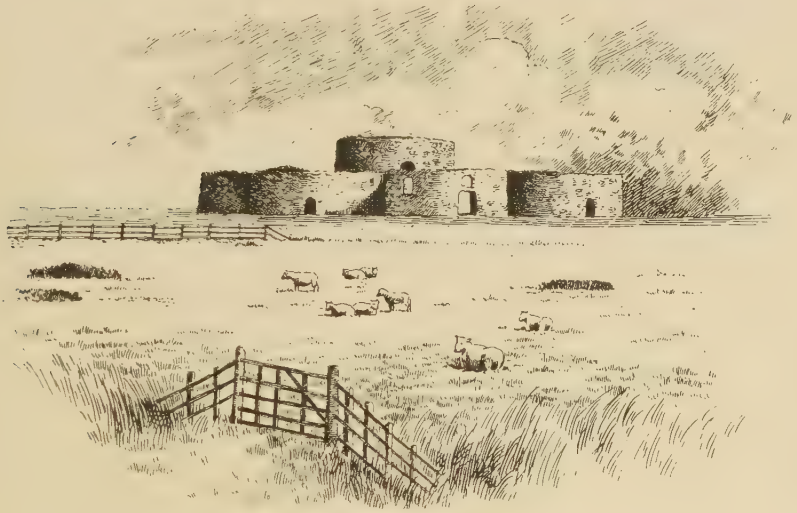


GERVASE ALARD'S TOMB IN WINCHELSEA CHURCH.

grounds, but to them the really interested visitor is not likely to be denied access. They lie a little to the south of the church. Only the portions of the chapel, including a beautiful chancel arch,

now remain; no other parts of the building are above ground. The reader of "Denis Duval" will remember that towards the close of the eighteenth century the Friars was tenanted by two famous highwaymen, the brothers Weston.

To the east of Winchelsea is a town of red roofs that clusters on a hillside, rising abruptly from the marsh. This is Rye, once a chief passage port for the Continent and an important ship-



CAMBER CASTLE.

building and industrial centre; now a quaint old-world town being gradually awakened from sleepiness by innumerable golfers who have "discovered" it.

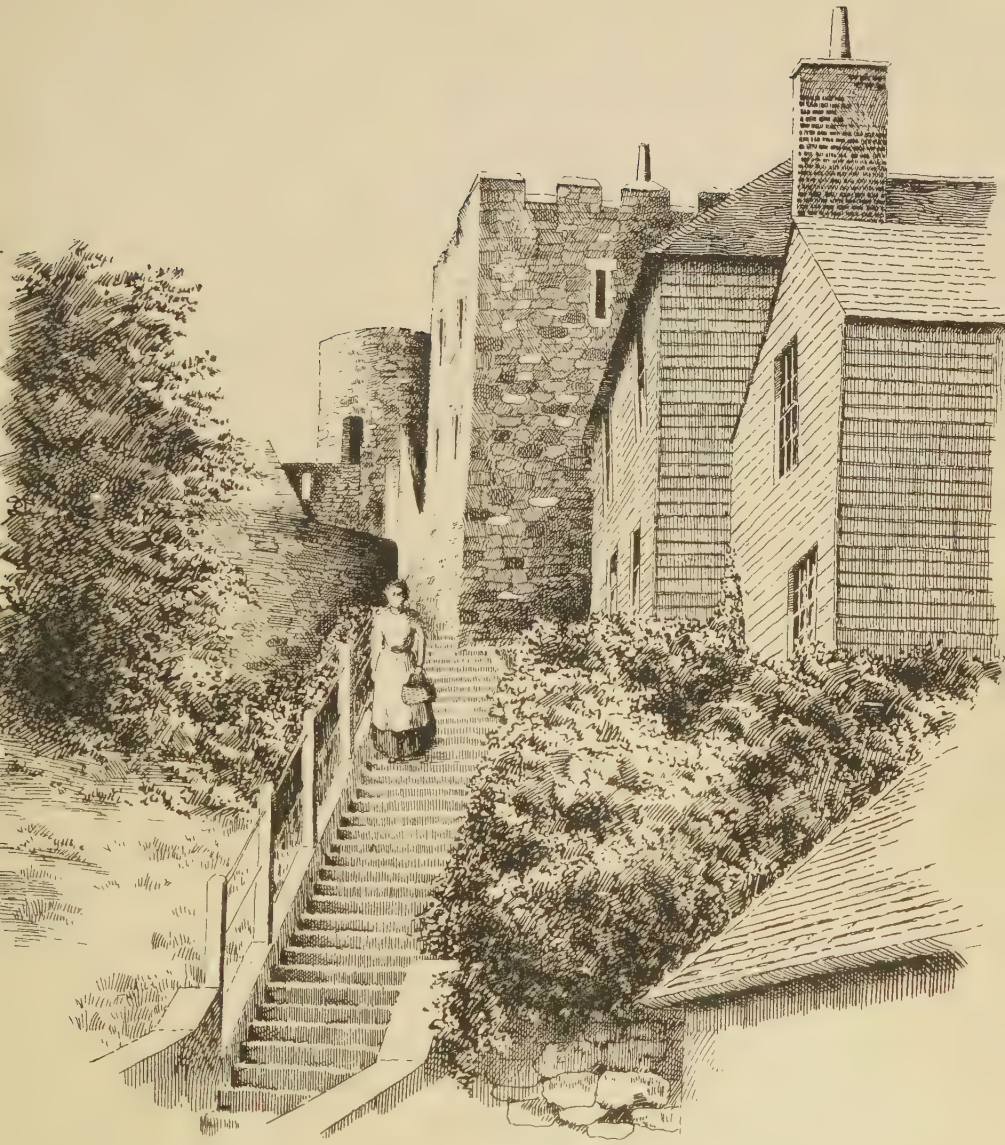
To reach Rye from Winchelsea the reader will retrace his steps through the Strand Gate, descend the hill, and take the road that lies along the flats obviously in the direction he desires to go. On his way he will notice a stunted building of considerable strength lying to his right in the marsh towards the sea. This

is Camber Castle, and we advise him not to endeavour to visit it till he reaches Rye, for from that place access is more convenient. It looks easy enough to reach from the road he is now taking, but it is not, for the marsh is intersected by deep ditches, extremely awkward to negotiate.

Like Winchelsea—like each of the other Cinque Ports of which we have spoken—Rye owed its commercial collapse mainly to the action of nature—to a gradual silting up of the sand at the entrance of its harbour; but, in the cases of Rye and Winchelsea, it was not the action of nature unaided by the hand of man. Mr. Montagu Burrows, in speaking of these places in his history of the Cinque Ports, says: "The neighbouring marshes were drained and embanked by commission after commission appointed by the Crown in order to put an end to periodical inundations."

In that attempt the commissioners were indeed successful, but at what cost? The cost of leaving two of the most thriving centres of the Cinque Ports, in one case without any waterway at all, and in the other with one totally inadequate. "I told the Council," wrote the Mayor of Rye in 1589, "it was well known that inning has overthrown the famous harbour of the Camber, and also her Majesty's town of Rye." In vain Englishmen, Dutchmen, and Italians tried their hands at keeping open the haven, and on the work both Rye and Winchelsea spent not only their own money, but in 1628 obtained—or at least one of them obtained—the king's brief to gather benevolences in different parts of the kingdom for the amendment of the harbour of the Camber.

Coming from Winchelsea one enters Rye through no gate; indeed, the Land Gate, as it is called, a fourteenth-century structure, is the only survivor of the three gates that gave passage through the walls first built in the reign of Richard I., and renewed in that of Edward III., after they had been thrown down by the French. Prior to the days of the lion-hearted king the now ruined tower, built in Stephen's time by William



YPRES TOWER, FROM THE STEPS, RYE.

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de Ypres, was the sole defensive work of which Rye could boast.

The only other building of so ancient a date in the town is its church, a truly magnificent edifice. Norman work exists in the tower and transepts, in which latter is also some early Transitional arcading; Transitional work is also found in the nave, but it is

LAND GATE, RYE.

later. The chancel with its two aisles or chapels is Early English. The northern aisle forms St. Clare's chapel, and the southern that of St. Nicholas. The high altar is a handsome mahogany table which, you are told, came from a wrecked ship of the Spanish Armada. You will also be told that the wonderful clock, whose huge pendulum swings backwards and forwards in the church,

was a gift of Queen Bess. One story is probably as true as the other. The parish accounts show that the churchwardens bought the clock and paid for it between the years 1560 and 1562. Outside the church must be noticed the graceful flying buttresses.

On the whole Rye church is certainly most interesting, and the wonder is that it has not suffered more than it has done from our ancestor's peculiar notions of appropriate uses for sacred buildings. In 1569 the Mayor and Jurats of the town ordered that a door be made into the churchyard out of the "south chancel," St. Nicholas's chapel, for "making and laying the ordnance there"; and in 1585 we read in a report as to places in the town suitable for fortification, that "St. Clare's chancel or chapel" might be used for the powder-house!

There is—unless you go to the west of the railway-station—no "new" Rye. As you wander in the paved streets, quaint and delightful bits of mediaeval building are to be seen at almost every turn. Perhaps the two most interesting structures are the Mermaid Inn, lately transformed into a very comfortable sojourning place, and the so-called Hospital. Amongst the religious buildings may be noted the Carmelite chapel, close to the church, and the remains of the monastery of the Black Friars. The latter is not now much more than a barn, but the tracery of the ancient windows can be well seen from the garden, if so dignified a term can be applied to the waste ground lying round the building.

Mention has been already made of a ruin in the marshes to the south of Rye. This is Camber Castle, which in point of age is decidedly disappointing. As the reader saw it from the road coming from Winchelsea, it had an ancient appearance, yet it is no older than the days of Henry VIII., and evidences of its Tudor date are apparent as we get near it. When built in 1531, an estuary or "camber" ran close to it, and it formed an important defence work for Rye harbour. A century later it stood more than a mile from the sea, and,

THE MERMAID INN, RYE.

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being useless, was in time dismantled. Much of the lead roofing of the castle was sold for the benefit of the Commonwealth, after the castle had been seized as royal property. The Mayor and Jurats of Rye write thus to the Parliamentary Committee for Sussex: "Concerning the removing of the lead on Camber Castle the weather hath been so unseasonable, that as yet there is but little of it brought away, but there hath been a watch, day and night, for securing it, ever since order from you. We intend, with all convenience, to bring away the rest, of which, when it is done, you shall have speedie notice."

As the great passage port to and from the Continent—Dieppe was the place with which regular communication was kept up—Rye naturally passed through very stirring and exciting times, on occasions when any great civil or religious commotion prevailed in France. It was to Rye that the persecuted French protestants flocked during the last fifty years of the sixteenth century, more especially, of course, immediately after the terrible massacre on St. Bartholomew's eve. The town records contain very vivid evidence of the enormous influx of foreigners to Rye between the close of August and the beginning of November, 1572—as many as 161 arriving on one day. The majority came from the country between Dieppe and Rouen, but some from the actual scene of the terrible tragedy. An odd assortment they were!—gentlefolk of all degrees, doctors, painters, schoolmasters, merchants, tinkers, tailors, shipwrights, barbers, coopers, pedlars, husbandmen, and what not. Well might the Mayor and Jurats protest, loyal though they might be to the protestant cause, and order that "common passengers," *i.e.*, those who owned the packet boats, should not, under heavy penalty, bring over "any of the French or Flemish nation" unless they be able to support themselves, for the sudden incursion of paupers had caused great "coye" to the inhabitants of Rye. Doubtless many of the refugees moved to various parts of England, but a number lingered in

Rye, founding there a church of their own, and affecting, in a marked degree, the future fortunes of the place. Let the modern pleader for the open door in England to the European pauper read, in the records of Rye, how the townsmen of that place and their rulers received the alien immigrant of the sixteenth century, though he was a fugitive from persecution!

THE HOSPITAL, RYE.

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SECTION VII.

SOUTH SUSSEX.

WILMINGTON : SEAFORD : NEWHAVEN : FIRLE : ALFRISTON : SHOREHAM : SOMPTING : BRAMBER.

WILMINGTON CHURCH.

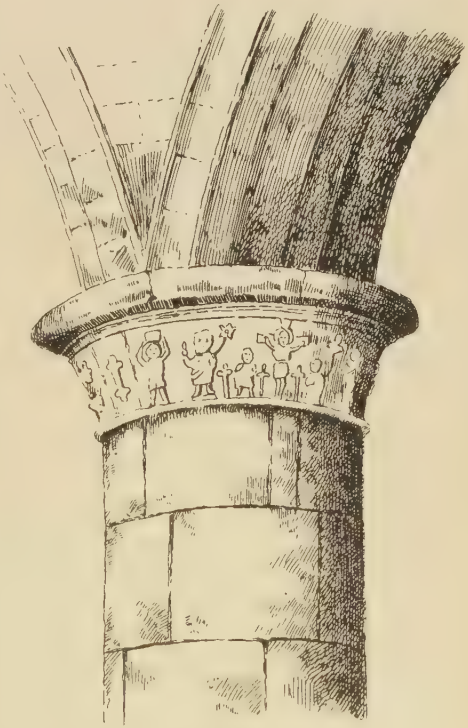
IF the traveller desires to keep in Sussex, he must not go further east than Rye, or he will soon be over the county border and into Kent. We will therefore suppose that he will return to Hastings, and make his way from there to the picturesque and interesting country that lies west of Brighton. He will, of course, miss Pevensey, whither we have already taken him, and we will presume that he will take train direct to Polegate and visit Wilmington, two miles and a half from the station, where once stood a Benedictine priory. It is now a farmhouse ; but the fine entrance gateway, with its tall flanking towers and mullioned windows, still stands, and in the farm buildings may be seen various traces of ancient ecclesiastical architecture, dating from the twelfth century to the sixteenth or late fifteenth. Wilmington church is small, but worthy of a visit

on account of the Norman windows in the chancel, early font, and Jacobean pulpit.

On the downs at the back of the village is cut the figure of a huge man (twenty-three feet in height, the villagers say), holding a staff in each hand; some thirty years ago the outline was traced afresh in white bricks. The antiquity of the figure and its purpose are points on which opinions differ, and perhaps the doubt adds to the interest.

From Wilmington, Lewes—already described—will be found a convenient sojourning place, and from it the traveller can take train to Seaford, now a rising sea-side resort, which once stood at the mouth of the Ouse, and was known as a harbour to the Roman traders. Formerly it was an important member of the Cinque Ports, nominally dependent on Hastings, yet often acting with considerable independence in matters that concerned its own interest, and often receiving direct orders from the king to provide him with ships and men. As early as the reign of Edward I. it sent a couple of members to Parliament, but ere the close of Edward III.'s long reign this parliamentary representation had ceased; for, as at Pevensey, Rye, and Winchelsea, the entrance to its harbour was becoming blocked up, and the days of Seaford as a dead town were setting in. Henry VIII. incorporated it, and formally annexed it to Hastings, that "two cripples might help each other," but the result was not satisfactory, and, as if to enforce the fallacy of Henry's doctrine, the Ouse, weary of impediment, suddenly found for itself a new outlet into the sea, well to the east of the town. True, in 1640, Seaford again sent members to parliament, but it could not be pretended that the importance of the place warranted such representation, and it was merely as a "Treasury seat" that it was allowed to exist as a parliamentary borough till recent times. Seaford church bears witness to the former greatness of the place, and though it is to a large extent modernized and spoilt, it contains some note-

worthy features; amongst them some curiously carved capitals, especially that here figured, which is the nearest to the south door. In the garden of the "Folly" in Church Street are the remains of crypts.



CAPITAL IN SEAFORD CHURCH.

At the mouth of the new tidal channel of the Ouse, close to the village of Meeching, there soon sprang up wharves and quays and houses for the traders, and these were christened "Newhaven." This was in the reign of Elizabeth, and the importance of the town has never since entirely deserted it. Now, as the passage-port for Dieppe, it is rapidly growing in prosperity. The church, with its apsidal chancel (figured overleaf), is, as we see, early, and the reader will perhaps wonder how a town no older than the days of Queen Bess possesses a church which, in many parts, is Norman. The answer is, that what is now called Newhaven church is really the parish church of Meeching; indeed, "Meeching Haven" is the name by which Newhaven is sometimes called so late as the opening years of Charles I.'s reign.

Striking north from Seaford, Firle and Alfriston can be easily reached, and both places will repay a visit. The former nestles

prettily beneath Firle Beacon, a noble eminence of the Downs. The church has suffered severely from restoration, but contains some nice monuments and brasses erected to the memory of various members of the family of Gage, who reside at Firle Place.

Alfriston possesses more to attract attention. Its fourteenth-

NEWHAVEN CHURCH.

century church is sometimes called the cathedral of the Downs, and it is certainly a very finely proportioned edifice.

Not much later than the church is the very picturesque parsonage, built of timber. But the most striking feature in the village is unquestionably the Star Inn, erected early in the sixteenth century, and containing much fine carving—amongst it a vigorous portrayal of St. George vanquishing the Dragon.

FIRLE CHURCH.

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The remains of a market cross in the centre of the village bear testimony to the former importance of Alfriston.

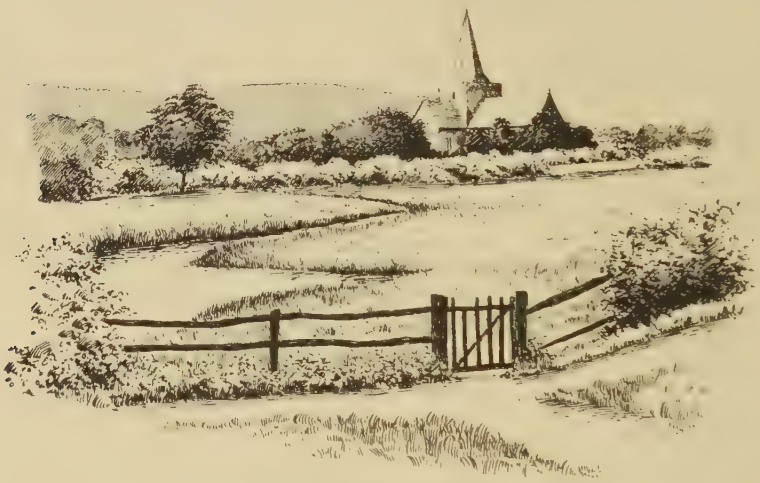
Half a mile to the east is Lullington, with one of the tiniest churches in England. Of course it is not the whole church, but only the chancel that now stands. The foundations of the ruined nave can easily be traced; but when complete it must have been a strangely small parish church. Large enough,

GAGE MONUMENT IN FIRLE CHURCH.

however, it doubtless is for the present parishioners, sixteen in number!

To the west lies the parish of Jevington. Many of its houses are ancient and picturesque; none more so than the group of labourers' cottages, once Filching Manor House, and the residence of the Rochester family. Polegate station is easily reached from Jevington, and we will suppose that the visitor will make his way from thence by train, by way of the Queen of Watering-places, in order to visit the Shoreham district, in which are some of the most venerable and interesting churches in the county.

The train deposits the visitor at "New" Shoreham, and we think he will agree that the adjective is no more appropriate to it than it is to Winchelsea. But, as at Winchelsea, it is only used comparatively, and "Shoreham, crowned by the grace of years," as Swinburne has called it, is a more appropriate description of it than "New" Shoreham. The church of New Shoreham is Norman; that of Old Shoreham is, at least in parts, Saxon. Let



ALFRISTON CHURCH.

us see how the former came to be built, and what caused the necessity for it.

Well, it is the old story: the sudden alteration in the channel of a waterway, and the blocking up of an existing harbour; but at Shoreham these freaks were played by Dame Nature at a much earlier date than at Pevensey, Winchelsea, Rye, or Seaford, and the "new" Shoreham, a mile nearer the sea than the old Shoreham, had already come into existence early in the twelfth century. A very prominent place this port quickly became,

FILCHING MANOR HOUSE.

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affording as it did shelter for numerous ships in its harbour; and hither sailed King John, with a vast retinue, to take possession of the English throne, which the death of Richard I. had left vacant for him. Ten years later John made it a free port on the burgesses paying £70 to the crown. In 1346 New Shoreham furnished no less than twenty-six ships for Edward III.'s navy.

THE STAR INN, ALFRISTON.

Then sand and shingle began to block up the entrance to the new harbour, as it had blocked that of the old, and soon the days of New Shoreham's prosperity were over. In 1432 it had a population of only six-and-thirty souls. Later on, measures were taken to keep open a harbour of sorts, and from that Charles II. escaped to France after his flight from the battlefield of Worcester.

We have said enough to account for the existence of the two Shorehams, and for the presence of an important and early ecclesiastical structure at New Shoreham. Those who wish to study its architectural details cannot do better than consult "The Architectural History of the Church of St. Mary, New Shoreham," by Edmund Sharpe, published at Chichester in 1861. Here we

LULLINGTON CHURCH.

have only space to point out that the church, which was probably built by the monks of St. Florence in Anjou, consists of a large and truly magnificent choir, with north and south aisles, a massive central tower, carried on the four original arches of the crossing, and north and south transepts. As at Winchelsea, the nave has practically gone, only the easternmost compartment being left. Mr. Sharpe considers that the north and south transepts, the

NEW SHOREHAM CHURCH.

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crossing, and all that is left of the nave are late Norman, and the choir Transitional. The font of dark Sussex marble is a large square basin carried on a heavy central column and four angle shafts; the sides of the basin are richly ornamented, and it is certainly one of the most beautiful fonts in the county.

A long wooden bridge, built at the close of the eighteenth century, carries the road to Old Shoreham, where the church,

IN OLD SHOREHAM CHURCH.

dedicated to St. Nicholas, is mentioned in Domesday. It is a cruciform building mostly of flint, the nave, tower, and transepts being Norman, but containing evident traces of Saxon work. As Mr. Sharpe points out, a drastic restoration has made any expression of opinion as to the exact date of the building a matter of difficulty. No doubt the church at New Shoreham was designed on the pattern of that at Old Shoreham, though it was carried out on a far more elaborate scale.

A couple of miles to the north of Lancing—the next station to Shoreham—is Sompting, with its picturesque and interesting church. The tower is Saxon, and of curious shape, and the greater part of the building Norman. Several of the windows have been altered in the Perpendicular period. Within should be noted a sculptured stone, with a representation of Our Lord holding an open book. The work bears, as has been pointed out in the first section of this book, a resemblance to that now in Chichester Cathedral, said to have been brought there from Selsey. The font is a cup-shaped Norman font, resembling that at Hurstmonceaux; in the middle of the eighteenth century it was covered by a good pyramidical cover, but this has disappeared.

To the north-east of Sompting is Bramber, one of the most picturesque spots in Sussex. It can be easily reached from Sompting by returning to Lancing station, taking the train back to Shoreham, and there changing into that which runs up to Horsham. On the Horsham line Bramber is the first station after leaving Shoreham. Though now nothing more than a village, it possesses an interesting history: Lower, the Sussex historian, identifies it with the famous Portus Adurni, and Roman remains, including the foundations of a bridge over the Adur, have been found here. In Saxon times there was a castle at Bramber, and after the Conquest William gave this building, with a vast tract of land around it, to William de Braose, who became one of the most powerful of the Conqueror's favourites. He transformed it into a castle of the ordinary Norman type, and for many centuries it continued the *caput* of the great honour of Bramber. The castle was besieged and taken by the Parliamentary forces during the Civil War, and was by them practically demolished. Now there remain but the fragments of the outer walls, and part of the barbican tower, about seventy feet in height, in which is a Norman window. Not much more of the

OLD SHOREHAM CHURCH.

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ruin was standing in 1754. The church of St. Nicholas is built just without the castle walls, and was originally cruciform, with a low central tower, but it suffered much during the siege of the castle, when it lost its chancel, the ruins of which may still be traced. The whole building was extensively repaired towards the close of the eighteenth century, with a result that can be easily imagined!

As a port Bramber must have lost its importance at a very early

BRAMBER VILLAGE.

date, and, as the mouth of the Adur became choked up, was probably replaced by Old Shoreham, just as, somewhat later, this last-named port was replaced by that formed at New Shoreham. Yet up to Camden's time fairly large vessels sailed up the Adur as far as Bramber Bridge. In the days of Bramber's prosperity this must have been a very picturesque structure, with its chapel, and quaint buildings on either side of the causeway over it. The utility of the bridge to the country round, as a crossing place of the Adur, was very great, and in 1386 the

Bishop of Chichester granted an indulgence of forty days to anyone who would contribute to the repair of the bridge or its up-keep. It was on passing over Bramber Bridge that Charles II., when a fugitive from Worcester, had such a narrow escape from capture by the Parliament's soldiers, as he was on his way to the seacoast.

AT THE FOOT OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

SOMPTING CHURCH.

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SECTION VIII.

MID SUSSEX.

WAKEHURST: CROWBOROUGH: ROTHERFIELD: MAYFIELD: BAYHAM: GROOMBRIDGE: ASHDOWN FOREST: BRAMBLETYE: EAST GRINSTEAD.

SACKVILLE COLLEGE, EAST GRINSTEAD.

EXTREMELY rural and picturesque is the country that one passes after leaving Bramber and on the way to Horsham. This latter town is a convenient stopping-place, and though somewhat modernized under the influence of a train service that puts it in convenient touch with London, it yet retains, in parts, the old-world aspect which it wore fifty years ago. Almost every part of the county is in railway communication with Horsham; but the line along which we propose to take the visitor is the old route to London by way of Three Bridges, which skirts St. Leonard's Forest. From Three Bridges, Wakehurst Place can easily be reached by road.

Even as we see it to-day, Wakehurst is a remarkably fine Elizabethan mansion, built entirely of stone, and three storeys in

height; what it was fifty or sixty years ago we can only imagine, for since that time the whole effect has been ruined by a shortening of the long wings by three-fifths of their length; their stunted frontage is, however, still faced by the same gables which terminated the more extended wings. The glories of the unaltered Wakehurst are to be seen in Nash's "Ancient Mansions," and Grimm's drawings of the south front and porch, made in 1780, are amongst the Additional MSS. at the British Museum.

Previous to the alterations the south front of Wakehurst extended 110 ft. from east to west, each wing being 25 ft. wide, leaving an open court between them. The fronts to the east and to the west faced the garden and were 109 ft. in length. The many dormer windows, with their enriched crocketed gables and pinnacles lent an impressive air to the interior court when approaching the great central porch. Within, the ornamentation of Wakehurst is decidedly elaborate. The hall, though handsome, is not of the proportions often found in buildings of the importance and size of Wakehurst, absorbing, as they do, half the house. It is but a single storey in height, and has, under an embossed ceiling, a deep frieze ornamented with heraldic and other devices, introducing the initials of Sir Edward Culpeper, the builder of the mansion in 1590. The chimney-piece in the hall is rude and peculiar: in painted stone carving are groups of flowers intermixed with allegorical figures. A detailed account of many of the other rooms appears in the proceedings of the Sussex Archaeological Society for 1858.

Wakehurst had for long been the property of a family of that name, when, in the fifteenth century, Margaret and Elizabeth, daughters and co-heirs of Richard Wakehurst, married Richard and Nicholas Culpeper, who were brothers. Margaret died issueless, and her share became the property of Richard Culpeper, her nephew, whose great-grandson was the builder of the house we are now considering. It passed from the Culpepers by sale

WAKEHURST PLACE.

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
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in 1694, since which time it has not continued long in any one family. "At intervals," says the writer of the account in the Sussex Archaeological Society's volume, "it has been stripped of furniture and abandoned; at other times it has been let to various occupants."

Many miles to the west of Wakehurst, and across Ashdown Forest (of which forest we shall speak more fully later on) lies the village of Mayfield, where there is a station on the line from Tunbridge Wells to Eastbourne. This is a very beautiful line, skirting, as it does, Lord Abergavenny's park at Eridge, passing near Crowborough Beacon and through the village of Rotherfield, at which there is a station; there is also a station at Crowborough village, which is quite near the beacon hill. Very fine views are to be obtained from different points on the roads just around the top of this hill (nearly 800 ft. above sea level), but from the actual summit the prospect is a little disappointing.

Rotherfield village is just a mile from the spot at which rises the river Rother. It stands more than 500 ft. above the sea level, and, with its fine church, is a very conspicuous object in the landscape. There was, no doubt, a Saxon church at Rotherfield, probably built of timber, of which there must have been, in the seventh and eighth centuries, a plentiful supply. But there is no Saxon or Norman work in the present church, which is Early English with a few Perpendicular additions. The Nevill chapel is to the north of the chancel. The glass in the east window is by the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and below it is a modern alabaster reredos. The wooden screen, north of the chancel, is Perpendicular. There are remains of wall-painting over the chancel arch.

Mayfield is the next station to Rotherfield. The aspect of the town is even more striking than that of the last-named place, for the hill on which it stands is detached, reminding one somewhat

in its situation of Rye. Mayfield's actual elevation above the sea level is really no greater than Rotherfield's—500 ft.

It is a most interesting place, very picturesque, and around it and the immediate neighbourhood cluster the most weird and romantic of legends. It is the home of Sussex miracles and wonders. Let us tell the reader, who does not happen to be a Somersetshire man, that here it was St. Dunstan found the Devil playing with his anvil. With saintly alacrity and presence of mind he seized the old gentleman by the nose with his pincers, and made him cut and run, or rather jump, to Tunbridge Wells, where he cooled himself in the now famous waters, imparting thereto that ferruginous flavour which they still retain. Should a Somersetshire reader chance to light on this passage, we will confess that the story is as frequently told in regard to Glastonbury; but why should the incident, with slight variations, not have occurred at both? St. Dunstan, we know, was at both; the Devil is everywhere, and of course a saint would pull the Devil by the nose whenever or wherever he met him. Stay; here is a point in favour of Mayfield's claim: the actual pincers and anvil are preserved there.[1]

Of the wooden church, which, says the historian Eadmer, St. Dunstan erected at "Magavelda," nothing remains, nor indeed of the stone church built partly in Saxon and partly in Norman times. The lower portion of the tower may date about 1230, or thereabouts, and that and the east window, a fine example of the Flamboyant style, are the only portions of the church that escaped the great fire of 1389; the new church was probably completed about 1420. Over the south porch the vaulting is worthy of note, and so is the small chamber built above that porch. Within the church are remains of a chancel screen and carved stalls, a font dated 1666, metal chandeliers, two piscinae

[1] Antiquaries and experts point out that the pincers are comparatively modern. Shame on them!

MAYFIELD.

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
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(one in the chantry and one in the south aisle), and some interesting iron tomb-slabs. In many of its features the church closely resembles that of Wadhurst, another of the archbishop's manors.

The village has "seen better days," and those days were when the Sussex iron industry was at its height. It was then a thriving town, and indeed had been so since the middle of the thirteenth century, with its markets and fairs, and many visitors to the archiepiscopal palace coming and going. Subsequently the fame of its mineral springs brought to it many from afar; indeed, in the seventeenth century it was a formidable rival to Tunbridge Wells. Now it consists of one long street, in which survive at least two fine early houses, one of them, Middle House, erected in 1575, is figured on page 119. But the glory of Mayfield was no doubt the palace, which formed part of the see of Canterbury from the days of Dunstan to those of Cranmer, who robbed the archbishopric of many of its most valued possessions, and gave them into the hands of the king. Various prominent laymen subsequently dwelt at Mayfield Palace, including the great merchant prince, Sir Thomas Gresham, who on acquiring it in 1567 repaired and added to it considerably. The date 1571, with representations of Grasshoppers—Gresham's crest—appears on the chimney of Queen Elizabeth's chamber, as it is now called, but it was not till 1573 that Queen Bess was entertained by her devoted servant. At Gresham's death the furniture within the palace was valued at no less than £8,000.

What remains of old work in the palace belongs mostly to the fourteenth century and the Tudor period. The original plan is difficult to trace owing to extensive restoration at the hands of Pugin. The place is now a Roman Catholic convent.

The registers of the Archbishops of Canterbury prove what a favourite residence was Mayfield with those who successively filled the see; important ecclesiastical affairs were often debated

here, and the Council of Mayfield assembled in 1332. It is often stated that the famous Wyckliffe was vicar of the place; there was, it is true, a vicar of that name, but he was a much earlier man than the reformer. Persons of evangelical views may nevertheless feel interest in Mayfield, for there seems to be pretty good evidence that four individuals were burnt here for heresy during the reign of Mary.

Bayham, or Begeham Abbey—the ruins of which are depicted in the frontispiece to this volume—stands some eight or nine miles to the north-east of Mayfield, close to the Kentish border. The road through Wadhurst is exceedingly pretty, but Bayham can be more easily reached, by those who care not to walk, drive, or cycle, from Frant station on the Tunbridge Wells and Hastings line. The abbey was one of the first homes in England for regular canons of the Premonstratensian order. It was not originally founded at Bayham, but at Otteham, near Polegate. Discovering that the place was inconvenient in many ways, the canons moved to near Deptford, which situation suiting them no better, they came back to Sussex and built their house and church at Bayham, on land given them by Sir Robert de Thurnham, a zealous crusader and patron of monasticism, and former companion of Richard Cœur de Lion in the Holy Land. Here they continued till 1526, when Wolsey obtained the suppression of the house and a grant of its possessions for the endowment of his intended colleges. But the enrichment of a great educational scheme mattered little to the Sussex men who dwelt round about Bayham and who benefited by the liberal establishment there kept up, and they promptly replaced the expelled abbot and his monks, who were clearly no more ready to go than were their neighbours to lose them. The story of the riot that ensued on the suppression is well told by the chronicler Hall: "So befell the cause, that a riotous compagnie disguysed and unknowen, with painted faces and visures, came to the said monas-

terie and brought with them the Chanons and put them in their place again and promised them that whensoever thei rang the bell that they would come with a great power and defend them."

Big talk, certainly! but it was something more than talk, for a riot ensued, and the ringleaders were brought to justice and punished. Wolsey's fall soon followed, and Bayham, with its fair lands, instead of benefiting education, came into the clutches of Henry VIII. and remained in the hands of the crown till the reign of Elizabeth, when it was granted to Viscount Montagu.

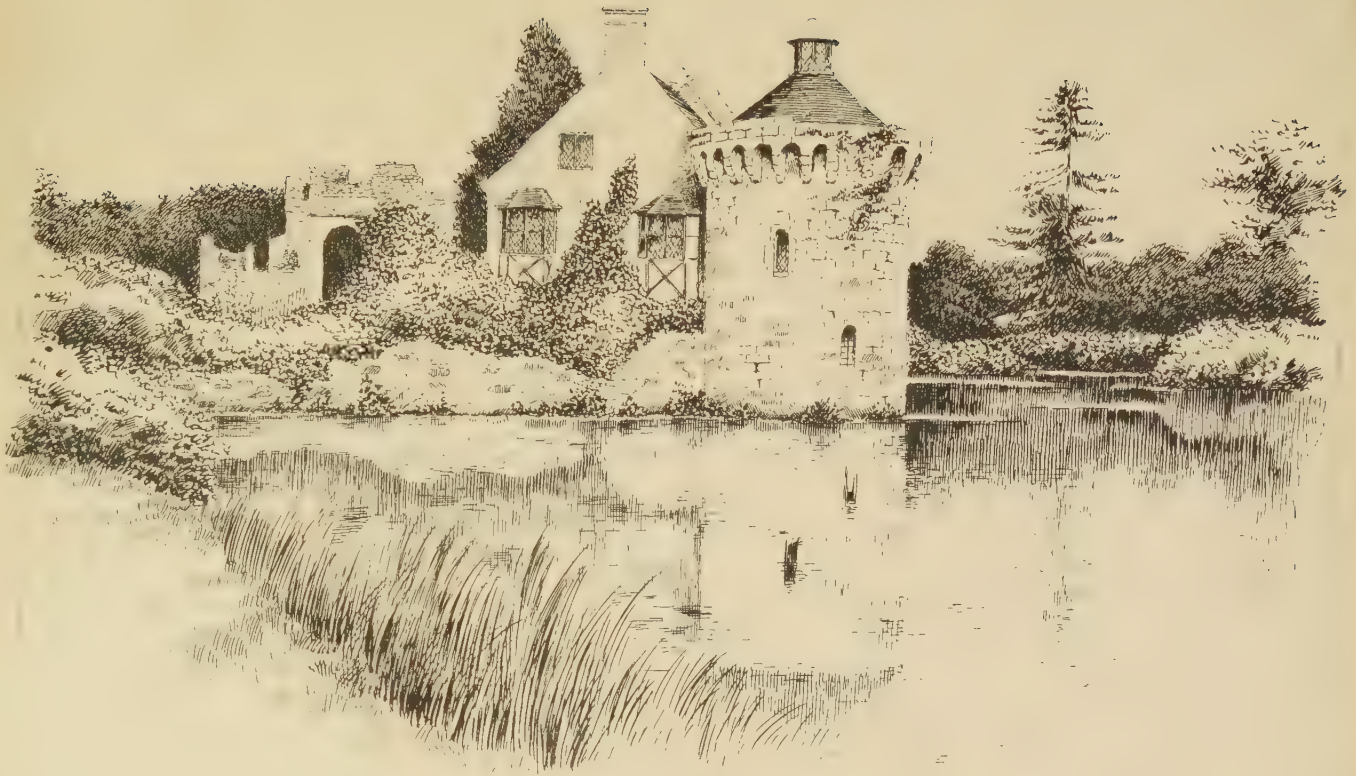
The estate was purchased by the Pratts early in the eighteenth century. The monastic church was then practically entire; but some new buildings or repairs being needed on the estate, the steward caused the roof of the church to be removed, and employed the timber and other materials for the purpose. Thus were the tombs of the abbots and other monuments left exposed to the influence of the weather, and fell to decay. The remains of the church are now well preserved, and as far as possible kept from further crumbling away. The chancel evidently terminated in a triangular form of apse. In the north transept the two east chapels are fairly perfect and retain their vaulting; the south transept is in a much more advanced state of decay. The walls of the nave are uninteresting, save for a fine arch between the north aisle and north transept. In the ante-chapel there remain three arches of the clerestory. But perhaps the most picturesque part of the ruins of Bayham is the chapter-house.

Going still further to the east from Bayham we reach Scotney Castle, built in the reign of Richard II. beside a small stream that parts the counties of Kent and Sussex. It is truly a beautiful spot. What remains of the castle stands in private grounds, but permission to inspect the ruin is not likely to be denied to anyone genuinely interested in such matters. It is not difficult to see what was the plan of the edifice as originally constructed. At each angle was a circular tower; one now only

remains, the others having been, before the opening of the last century, pulled down and employed in building the Court Lodge at Lamberhurst. Remains of the gatehouse were standing in 1813. The present dwelling-house was erected in the seventeenth century by the Darrells, it is said from designs by Inigo Jones.

The castle takes its name from a family of Scoteny or Escotney, who held much land in Sussex in the thirteenth century. But the crime of one of its most powerful members led to the forfeiture of their vast possessions. Two of the best known English chroniclers, Matthew Paris and Matthew Westminster, have given an account of the perpetrator of this crime and of his execution: He was Walter de Scotney, a principal counsellor and the chief steward of Richard de Clare, the great Earl of Gloucester, and administered poison to that earl and to his brother William. The latter died from it; the former, after having been in imminent danger, escaped with the loss of his hair and nails. It was believed that Scotney was the instrument of Gloucester's rival, William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, who, it was said, gave him a large sum of money to execute the atrocious act. Scotney acknowledged the receipt of this money from Pembroke, but pleaded that it was the repayment of a debt. Such a plea was, however, disbelieved, and he was condemned to be hanged—a sentence which was carried out with all the horrible rigour of the times at Winchester.

After the forfeiture of Walter de Scotney, the estate came to the crown, and was in course of time given to Archbishop Chichele, who probably built the castle, which, as we have said, was erected, or at all events castellated, in the reign of Richard II. (1377-1399). Whilst the castle was possessed by the Darrells, a family zealous in their attachment to the Roman Catholic religion, the famous Jesuit, Father Richard Blount, found a home there, making it a centre of his missionary work. Once, in 1598, Queen Elizabeth's officers nearly effected his capture, but he



SCOTNEY CASTLE.

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escaped by swimming the moat. The Darrells owned Scotney down to 1778, and, so goes the story, often allowed its massive walls to shelter those engaged in the lucrative trade of smuggling.

Goudhurst is the nearest station to Scotney, and from it one can proceed *viâ* Paddock Wood to Tonbridge, thence to Tunbridge Wells, and from the Brighton Company's station in that town to Groombridge, formerly a great centre of the Sussex iron industry, and containing some good houses, which were doubtless tenanted by those whose fortunes had been won in that once great trade of the south-eastern counties of England—a trade that the discovery of sea-coal for smelting purposes suddenly took to the Midlands and the north of England. Had it lingered much longer in Sussex, not a great deal of the forest which now graces so many parts of the county would be standing to-day.

We skirt the northern bounds of one of the most beautiful and most extensive of the Sussex forests as we make our way either by road or rail towards East Grinstead. True, it is not the thickly-wooded portion of Ashdown Forest that we pass, but there is a wildness and beauty in the great stretches of open, breezy moorland, bright with the bloom of gorse and heather, that make it unlike anything else to be met with fifty miles from London. Occasional clumps of fir-trees are the remains of the great dark masses of timber that, even three centuries ago, clothed the whole district. These were mostly cut down for the iron-smelting, and, till that developed so extensively as it did in the sixteenth century, Ashdown Forest remained very much as Bede describes it: thick, inaccessible, the retreat of deer, swine, wolves, and wild boars. But even after the Sussex iron furnaces were cold and tenantless, the forest of Ashdown was much more densely covered with trees than now. The cutting down was largely due to disputes between the owners of the cultivated lands round about and the owners of the sporting rights in the forest, for the fastnesses sheltered much that is unwelcome to

the agriculturist. An old Sussex clergyman, writing of the place in 1862, describes Ashdown Forest as he remembered it in his boyhood:

"Here, too, were still harboured about twelve or fourteen herd of deer. As long as the timber was permitted to stand—and parts of this forest were a thick wood—the deer were allowed to range in a wild state, unmolested and unharmed, but as the clearing progressed they took a wider feeding range, and in doing so fell an easy prey to the farmers, on whose crops they would sometimes commit serious depredations. The last of the Ashdown wild deer, a doe, was accidentally sprung from a patch of brake just below Gill's Lap, by the Hartfield and Withyham harriers while pursuing a hare, and after a run of two hours killed. . . . Of this I was an eyewitness."

The same author adds that it was not only to deer and game that the fastness of Ashdown Forest afforded shelter. Smugglers found it a convenient storage ground for their contraband stock, and lawless folk of all kinds hid themselves there from their pursuers. He adds that it was in perfectly serious contemplation to remove into the forest the inhabitants of the Sussex coast towns when "Boney" was threatening his descent on England.

Before reaching East Grinstead we pass the ruin of Brambletye House; it lies on the left of the road at Forest Row, where there is a station. The ruin is certainly picturesque, and its picturesqueness is perhaps enhanced from the fact that the place is the scene of Horace Smith's once popular romance, published in 1826. From a water-colour drawing by Lambert, made in 1782, we learn that there was then much more of the ruin standing than stands now; a gateway, for instance, has, since the time of Lambert's work, entirely disappeared. Brambletye House was built in the seventeenth century, and the date upon a portion of it, 1631, probably marks the completion of the

GROOMBRIDGE.

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building. It took the place of an older mansion which was moated.

Now as to the real history of the ruin: It was certainly not brought to its present condition by Cromwell's soldiers, for the Comptons lived in it after the ferment of civil war had subsided. To the Comptons succeeded Sir James Richards, in 1683, and it is probable that it was due to his proceedings that the house is in its present state of certainly premature decay. His second wife was a Spaniard, and to Spain he went to live, allowing, we may presume, the buildings to tumble down as they pleased. Whether or not in consequence of his Spanish alliance, which may have aroused suspicion, we know not, but on one occasion, whilst Sir James was enjoying a hunt in the adjacent forest, the king's officers arrived with a warrant to search his house for arms. They did so, and a large quantity of weapons was discovered. News of the discovery was conveyed to the owner whilst he was in the field, and, instead of returning home at nightfall, he rode to the coast and took ship to the land of his spouse. There is much that is unexplained in the decay of Brambletye House, and we commend it to the man of leisure with a taste for examining old records.

Three miles to the west of Brambletye lies the town of East Grinstead. It consists principally of a main street, on either side of which are many quaint buildings of timber and plaster, with projecting storeys and dormer windows. Despite a good train service and several new houses round about, the town is not yet suburbanized, and does not present to-day an aspect very different from that it presented in the closing years of the eighteenth century, when the Sussex assizes were regularly held there. The Court-house, which from all accounts must have been an exceedingly quaint and interesting building, standing in Middle Row, had collapsed a hundred years before. A house at the west end of the town is pointed out as having been the judge's lodging in

assize times; it is built of stone and roofed with Horsham slate. Till railways put East Grinstead in touch with London, it was quite a county town for that part of Sussex, and during the

MAIN STREET, EAST GRINSTEAD.

winter season some of the best actors of the day appeared at the "Play House."

The parish church has had an unfortunate and eventful history. In 1683 the tower was struck by lightning and overthrown; it was raised again the following year, and again

RUINS OF BRAMBLETYE HOUSE.

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collapsed in 1785; soon after this the entire church was rebuilt. There is a drawing of it by Lambert, made in 1782; that is, three years before the rebuilding. It is noteworthy that till the close of "the fifties" the music in East Grinstead church was produced by a barrel organ!

Close to the church is Sackville College, which is one of the most picturesque objects in the neighbourhood, and was founded in the year 1608 by Robert Sackville, second Earl of Dorset. The building is a quadrangle, measuring internally 91 ft. by 89 ft., and externally 130 ft. by 128 ft. It contains a warden, five brethren and six sisters, besides twenty-four other inmates; the pensioners have each, in addition to their rooms, the sum of £14 yearly. The hall, except the belfry, which is original, was rebuilt in 1848 by Butterfield on the original plan.

The apartment on the left, now used as a wood-house, was the common kitchen. The room above was the college hall. The room at present used as a hall was part of the building appropriated by the founder to the use of his family.

The western half of the north side is called the Dorset Lodgings, and was also intended for the reception of the patrons on their journeys between their Sussex seat at Buckhurst and London.

The circumstances which induced Lord Dorset to found this charity are very fully set forth in his will, which is dated on the 8th of February, 1608-9. "Whereas," he says, "I have been long, and am still, purposed to build and erect an hospital or college in the said town or parish of East Grinstead in the county of Sussex, and to bestow on the building thereof the sum of one thousand pounds, or such a sum as shall be necessary, and to endow the same with a rent charge of £330 by the year . . . towards the relief of one and thirty single and unmarried persons, whereof one and twenty to be men and the other ten women, there to live to pray, serve, honour, and praise Almighty

God; I therefore will and devise that mine executors, if I shall not live to perform the same in my life-time, shall bestow a sufficient sum of money in the purchase of a fit place in the said town or parish of East Grinstead to thereupon erect and build a convenient house of brick and stone with rooms of habitation for the said one and thirty persons, employing and bestowing thereupon such reasonable sums of money as they shall think fit in their discretions; and that they shall incorporate the same, according to the laws and statutes of the realm, by the name of Sackville College for the poor."

The earl's aunt, Lady Dacre, had, not long before, founded a somewhat similar institution at Westminster, and there is no doubt that Archbishop Abbot's idea of Guildford Hospital, founded in 1619, was taken from Lord Dorset's foundation.

The earl died before even the foundation stone of the college had been laid. It is said the executors used some of the material from Buckhurst to build the college, and certainly many of the timbers at East Grinstead appear to have formed part of an older building. The earliest date to be found on any part of Sackville College is that on the knocker of the great door, 1616. The knocker would, we presume, be one of the finishing touches, so no doubt the college was then completed.

The statutes were drawn up soon after the earl's death, and are quaint and expressive of the sentiments of the time. One runs thus: "That none of the said thirty brothers or sisters use secretly in the colledge or hospitall any dicing, carding, or unlawful games for any money or money's worth, but only on the Christmas holydaies, and that in some public place amongst themselves, but in noe sort in any corners or private rooms." The penalties for a fracture of this rule were as follows: for the first offence, admonition; for the second, forfeiture of a quarter's wage; for the third, expulsion!

In the quaint old town of East Grinstead artist and author

SACKVILLE COLLEGE, EAST GRINSTEAD.

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will take leave of the reader, and in doing so must again point out that they have made no attempt to picture or describe *all* that is picturesque and interesting in Sussex. Had they done so they would have filled not one but many volumes. But perhaps in these pages enough has been pictured and described to prove that the county is at least as worthy of exploration as its neighbours, Kent and Surrey; and if in proving this they have drawn and written sufficient to induce the Londoner with occasional leisure—if Londoners ever have such a thing as leisure—to visit the highways, and more especially the byways, of the county, they will not have failed in their purpose.

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